THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Sunday, Jan. 21, 1940

FLOSSY FRILLS

By Carolyn Wells
Pictures By Russell Patterson

No. 10—SHE TRIES A NEW FASHION MODE

1—Dame Fashion's an ingenious Queen who every little while
Goes back a hundred years or so to find the latest style,
And then assures the eager debs who worship at her shrine
That she's evolved a mode unique and "simply too divine."

2—But Flossy had her own ideas, as girls of glamour do;
"Just cast your eyes on this," she smiled, "I'll show you something new."
"You can't do that," cried Aunty Val, "You're plenty slim enough;
Why spoil your lovely figure with that silly hour-glass stuff?"

3—"You're way behind the times," laughed Floss, "let skirts be high or low
Or gowns severely plain or full with ribbon, pleat and bow;
It takes that little extra touch couturiers call art
To make the most attractive girl look ultra-ultra-smart."

4—And so a swanky date she kept and saw her rivals stare
With envy at her triumph which they couldn't even share.
The men flocked 'round with compliments and hung upon her glance
And vied with one another for the promise of a dance.

5—But Flossy learned that hour-glass waists when pulled a bit too tight
May please the eye and still not be a physical delight;
"I'll free you from your bonds," grinned Fred, and cut the laces through;
Floss breathed again; "A thousand thanks, and now I'll dance with you."

6—Just then a guest called out to Floss so all the room could hear:
"I didn't know that backs were worn so very low this year."
"Too bad you're misinformed," said Fred, replying with a smile,
"With such a figure, Floss, you see, can always set the style."

((See Announcement on Page 2)

A Pennsylvania Psychologist Thinks American Boys and Girls Need More "Disagreeable Protoplasmic Stimulation," or Good Old-Fashioned Whacking.

Do Modern Youngsters Need More Spanking?

WHEN fathers, in spanking their children in the good, old-fashioned way, used to say, with tears in their voices, "This hurts me more than it hurts you," many educators rose in horror. They insisted that all this pain could be stopped if only fathers would desist from inflicting suffering both on themselves and their offspring—to no good end.

Today, however, a psychologist who has been studying thousands of children of all ages and types of mentality over a period of two-score years, comes forward with the iconoclastic suggestion that it is the duty of both fathers and mothers to suffer by inflicting good, hearty slaps on their young offspring.

While "spare the rod and spoil the child" has been a motto of long standing, it has recently earned for itself a mountain of ill repute and modern mothers and fathers look with disgust and contempt upon anyone who is so old-fashioned as to follow such an outworn rule.

But now Dr. Edwin Twitmyer, head of the psychology clinic at the University of Pennsylvania, with an experience that has taken in 20,000 boys and girls, makes the positive statement that the "disagreeable protoplasmic stimulation" known to our ancestors as spanking is very important in the bringing up of a good, disciplined, human being.

"You may be modern mothers who do not believe in spanking your youngsters," he told a group of parents who had come to visit him in his clinic. "Just remember that I have raised a large family, and have home experience as well as theory and clinical experience to back me up in my every word and idea.

"You can't reason with any child under eight years of age. He has not the mental equipment to get it. He is just a fine animal. He is selfish, and, whether you believe it or not, he just works you for an easy mark.

"The protoplasmic structure, whether of the amoeba or the human being, reacts in just one way. It accepts the pleasant situations, and withdraws from the unpleasant. The carefully considered, well-executed, unpleasant protoplasmic stimulation of the spanking is the best method of early discipline.

"If you tell me you have raised your children well without spankings, I say that you are both lucky and unusual. Children have just as much power of rationalization as a smart dog, perhaps not that much."

Mothers come to Dr. Twitmyer to ask him what to do about young Johnny's very aggravating habit of throwing buns at the dinner-table. They consult him as to what to do about young Jimmy who always cries when it is time to go to bed.

When Dr. Twitmyer tells them that the best thing to do is to administer some "disagreeable protoplasmic stimulation," they shy away in horror at his old-fashioned methods. Dr. Twitmyer comes back at them by telling them that the reason they are having trouble is because they have postponed the spanking too long.

Many a brother psychologist agrees with Professor Twitmyer's conclusions. Some of those sharing his opinion are themselves parents who have reached their belief in spankings by studying behavior in the best "laboratory" of all, the home.

As one professional parent remarked recently, "I always spank my children when they need it because such punishment works. The child sees that he is in disfavor and he usually hates this because he regards his father as a god and doesn't want to be out of step. When he finds he has displeased his parent he somehow does not repeat the act because of the unpleasantness associated with it."

The Philadelphia professor also has some other interesting ideas about raising children.

"The rules of life should make a youngster obedient, prudent, honest, and relatively truthful," said Dr. Twitmyer. "Here is one which you will not like, as modern mothers, but which you will have to accept since you may as well admit the facts of life.

"The rule is necessary if parents are to bring up children who will be able to get along in social life. They should teach these children to use "Social Oil." By social oil, I mean the polite lie.

"Most of us grownups tell polite lies all the time, and then we turn around and make the children write in their copybooks: 'Always tell the truth.' It is a mistake to take a chance on having children do the wrong thing until they are forty when they will find out that they are socially ostracized for not having a little tact."

Dr. Twitmyer further believes that mothers should not show their infants how to shake their rattles because if the babies learn how to do it themselves, it will help to develop their intelligence. The same holds true for the playing-blocks stage, for if the father shows Junior how to pile up the blocks and arrange them, that puts an end to the boy's ability to decide things for himself and spoils his personal fun.

So it goes up the line. The boy should do his own homework. If that is solved by his parents, he will not get along well in school and won't like the competition of other pupils. He should stand on his own feet.

"Children should be left alone to find things out for themselves and in this way develop themselves," continued Dr. Twitmyer. "Teaching them everything at every step kills their initiative."

Why Work More Than One Day A Week?

The following excerpt from a recently published book, "Why Work?", presents an interesting theory for curing the world's economic ills. The author modestly explains that he is an expositor, not a propagandist, and that he is only suggesting what seems to him a possible way to "maintain the democracy for which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors have struggled during these many centuries."

By ROGER PAYNE
"The Hobo Philosopher"

THE apologists for our existing social system say that long hours of labor are necessary to preserve the family, society and the state, and also to keep us out of mischief. Such ideas about work are absolutely false. It never was necessary for human beings to spend all their time working to maintain their existence. Today, with our unique control of the powers of nature, such an idea is absurd. All the necessities of life can now be obtained with very little human labor, if we will only organize our work in an intelligent manner.

Mules, horses, asses and machines were created to work. Human beings were created to live. I view life as consisting mainly of living, interrupted only by such periods of work as may be necessary to secure the means of existence.

What is needed is a new philosophy of work. We must learn from the butterfly, not from the bee. Work must be recognized, not as a virtue, but as an intrinsic evil, the only justification for which is in its product. Work is a means to an end, and the end should govern the means. The working of long hours should not only be discouraged but prohibited.

At the same time we must develop some new ideas about thrift. In the past thrift and saving were practiced to provide against want and dependency in old age, or to substitute future for present enjoyment. A small part of our savings are still for these purposes, and that part is justified. But most saving today is for investment, which means the construction of more factories and machinery, and so more unnecessary potentialities of production.

Individuals cannot be allowed to save and invest recklessly in unneeded production facilities, while machinery is already turning out merchandise in quantities greater than the effective demand. To save the capitalist system—if we want to save it—the virtue of spending must be taught instead of the virtue of saving.

Our ideal should be, not the development of increasing wants, but of increasing leisure, so that all may have ample time for education and the cultivation of the intellectual and spiritual things of life. Just as surely as the horse has been eliminated from the streets by the automobile and auto-truck, so will modern machinery eliminate the greater part of human labor. Evidently ahead of us are millions of years of almost freedom from work, the coming "Age of Leisure and Plenty," during which the human family can devote itself to the building of a higher civilization and the development of a superior race of mankind.

I believe that it is possible for a man individually and for us all collectively to gain our living, working one day a week or about fifty days in the year. This reversal of the ancient custom of six days' work and one day's rest must not be taken too literally. Nothing so foolish is intended as that one day should be worked in each and every week, but that on the average one day a week or about fifty days, or say two months of continuous work in the year, is enough to provide all physical necessities and reasonable comforts and luxuries.

If a man is prepared to reduce his wants to somewhere near his needs, he can gain his living working a very small part of his time. This solution should appeal most strongly to the man who has a tendency toward simplicity of living. For the individual who is not interested in simplicity of living there is a way by which he can procure not only necessities but reasonable comforts and luxuries in return for about one day's work a week—by increasing the productivity of his labor.

In order to practice this method it is essential in most cases that the individual learn to obtain the fruits of his work for himself and not allow someone else to take part of it through exploiting his labor.

Yet the partical application of this principle must be undertaken with great caution. Many men who are in business for themselves are much worse off than they would be if working for an employer. Their trouble is the lack of the necessary business ability. To be successful in most kinds of business a man needs an intelligence above the average.

The man of superior intelligence will naturally choose one of the professions, or business. Others will go in for the skilled trades. The man who lacks intelligence or mechanical ability can try specialized small farming. Any of these occupations should make it possible for a man of native ability and ambition to make a living working a comparatively small part of the time.

The Time Has Come, Says the Hobo Philosopher, When We Should Imitate the Butterfly, Not the Bee, and Spend Only About One Day Out of Seven at Gainful Labor.

Industry needs men of high intelligence and training as managers, executives, engineers and technicians, men who spend years training for the positions they occupy. The "sky" should be the limit for such unusual ability. Such an expert, if he worked steady for five or six years could save enough during that time to make him financially independent, and thus leave his later years free for the enjoyment of the cultural things of life. Five or six years' continuous work is equivalent to working one day a week for 25 or 30 years, the usual working span of a man's life.

Common sense would indicate that the general hours of work should be reduced as machinery eliminates human labor, instead of some continuing to work long hours while others are idle. The hours of labor have been falling ever since the coming of machinery. But the amount of reduction has not kept up with the rate at which machinery has eliminated human labor—hence unemployment.

Only by the provision of employment for all capable of working, and the establishment of a minimum wage upon which a family can be maintained in comfort, can the abundant life which the Machine Age offers be attained by all. When we do these two things we shall be well on the road toward the coming of the Age of Leisure and Plenty.

What Made YOU Like Flossy Frills?

Of course, we'd hoped Flossy Frills and her ambitious adventures would have a widespread popularity, but we'd no idea that the 1940 streamlined young lady would marshal such an army of admirers, young and old, among readers of The American Weekly.

We've heard many reasons for Flossy's sudden leap into the Hall of Fame, but we'd like to hear yours too.

$25 for the most readable letter
$15 for the second best
$10 for the third choice

The Editor, The American Weekly,
235 East 45th Street, New York City

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By the Time "the Fair Sun Arose and Killed the Envious Moon," the Modern Romeo Had Wooed and Won the Third of Four Wives, All Answering to the Name of Julia.

A Romeo Who Collected 4 Juliets

MARRYING four consecutive wives named Julia without ever having been legally divorced from Julia Number One was the charge brought against 32-year-old Louis Panczel, a clerk, who recently was called to account for triple bigamy by a police court of Budapest.

The only defense Panczel could offer is that he just can't resist the name Julia. Its music casts a strange spell over him. When he pronounces the name his voice vibrates with passion and tenderness, and before he knows it he finds himself married to any and every Julia who happens to be within reach.

"I suppose it began when I was a schoolboy and saw 'Romeo and Juliet' for the first time," the bridegroom of four consecutive Julias told the magistrate. "The performance made a profound impression on me. I kept repeating the lines to myself. 'Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?'"

"Come to the point," said the magistrate shortly.

So Panczel explained that when he met a girl called Julia for the first time in real life he fell head over heels in love with her just because of her name, and soon they were wed. But the marriage fizzled. After a year they separated. Some time later he met Julia Number Two. Again the magic name worked its spell on him.

"I took her to see a play called 'There's Always Juliet.' The heroine was called Leonora and there were lots of quotations from 'Romeo and Juliet.' When the girl in the play found out that the man who was making love to her had been married before she wouldn't have anything to do with him. They made it up in the end and everything was rosy. I felt it might not be smart to tell my new Julia that I had said 'Julia, I love you' to another Juliet before. Before I knew it I had another woman named Julia for a wife."

The police looked up Mr. Romeo Panczel's record and discovered that Julia Number One, having learned that he had married Julia Number Two without bothering to get a divorce first, had denounced him to the police. So Panczel had been arrested for bigamy, sentenced to eight months in prison and his second marriage annulled.

After his release from prison Panczel maintained his state of single blessedness for some years. But one summer evening, in the park at Margaret Island, a well-known Hungarian resort, a friend introduced him to Julia Number Three. She was a charming young divorcee; it was a 'blessed night,' and by the time 'the fair sun arose and killed the envious moon,' Panczel had once more said: 'Julia, I love you' in the same tones of tender passion with which he always spoke that magic name. They became engaged. He had documents that showed his second marriage had been annulled, and he now says that he believed that this automatically cancelled his first.

So Romeo-Louis and Julia Number Three were duly married, but their happiness was of short duration. They fought like cats and dogs, for apparently the spell of the magic name didn't endure long after the wedding day. Within three weeks the couple had separated, and six months later were divorced by mutual consent.

Panczel now considered himself free to marry again, and did not hesitate to woo and wed Julia Number Four, once more falling a victim to the sweet spell of the fatal name. This time he seemed to have found the right Juliet at last—but his past tripped him up when Julia Number Two, meeting him by accident, grew jealous, compared notes with Julia Number One, discovered that the first marriage was still valid and reported him to the police.

Panczel's line of defense was that although he had actually and consciously committed bigamy when he married Julia Number Two, he had paid for that crime by serving his prison term. In the two other cases, he declared, his marriages had been legal since he thought that his first union had been annulled along with the second. The authorities, however, didn't take much stock in this argument, for Panczel will now have to serve a prison term of two years in spite of his previous conviction.

Many amorous young men are in jail all over the world because their biggest mistake was carelessness in acquainting themselves with the laws on the statute books that related to entering or leaving the state of matrimony.

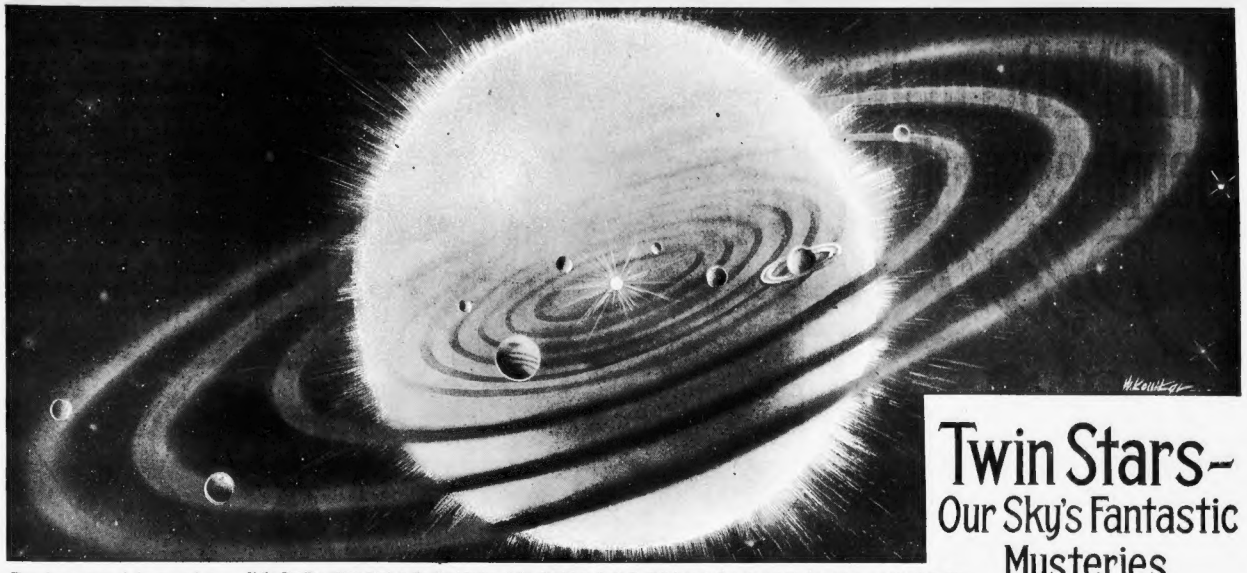
Had Mr. Panczel taken the trouble to find out the rules of the game he might have been a star in the matrimonial league instead of a three-times-and-out Romeo.

Perhaps if his theatre-going experience had been a little more varied, or if he had spent a little more time at the movies learning that heroines bear other names as engaging and sweet-sounding to the ear as Juliet, his obsession with the liquid syllables that Shakespeare used for his famous heroine might not have been so great.

Perhaps he should have changed his luck by selecting a Marguerite, Elizabeth, Genevieve or even Myrtle as one of his four soul-mates.

However, Mr. Panczel has 730 days in which to read up on many of the great romances of history—provided of course that the prison library is liberally supplied with the right volumes—so he may come to realize that while much star-dust surrounds the fair name of Juliet, many a heroine as charming bears a name as unforgettable.

He will have plenty of time to meditate in solitude on the whole question "What's in a name?"—and may always find consolation and hope for the future by reminding himself that "There's Always Juliet."



Twin Stars—
Our Sky's Fantastic Mysteries

If the Puzzling "Ghost Star" in the Constellation of the Charioteer Could Be Pulled Away From Its Bright Companion and Placed in Our Solar System With Our Sun in the Middle, It Is So Huge That the Planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn Could Pursue Their Orbits Inside the Star With Only Uranus, Neptune and Pluto Outside.

The Newly Discovered Pair That Swirl Dazzlingly Around in a Bubble of Gas Billions of Miles in Diameter, the Huge "Ghost Star" That Accompanies Its Lively Mate and Could Engulf Most of Our Solar System—and Other Strange Partners in the Depths of Space

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

—I Corinthians, 15:41.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.—*Shakespeare, Henry IV.*

OF ALL the mysteries which our visible, and invisible, Heavens hold, perhaps the most fantastic are the twin—more rarely the triplet and in one case at least even the sextuplet (one more than the Dionne babies) stars.

These are suns, in most cases tremendously greater than our own, one of which (when they are twins) revolves around the other in the same way the moon revolves around the earth; sometimes each sun revolving around its mate.

The riddle of one of these twins, and maybe the most fantastic, was partly read before the members of the American Astronomical Society at their recent annual meeting at Columbus, Ohio, by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, of Perkins Observatory.

It is a star in the constellation Perseus, now visible in the northern skies over the head of Taurus the Bull, one of the signs of the Zodiac in which the great star Aldebaran shines like a great red eye.

For fifty years this star, visible to the naked eye, has puzzled astronomers by its peculiar behavior.

Shakespeare knew and wrote a deal about stars and usually was scientifically correct.

But Dr. Hynek's conclusions show that in this particular case he was not correct, and therefore his whole argument based upon the belief that "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere" must fall flat.

This puzzling star in Perseus, known to astronomers as Phi Persei, is not one star but two.

And these stars certainly do keep their motion in one sphere, the sphere being an almost unthinkably vast bubble of gas.

One of these celestial twins is believed to be many times larger than our sun, three times as hot and more than one hundred times as bright, and, says Dr. Hynek, "surrounded by a huge shell of gas mainly of hydrogen and helium."

Then at a distance about the same as that from our earth to our sun—93,000,000 miles—is the companion sun. It is about half as massive as the big brother, and going around its brilliant relative at a speed of some fifty miles a second. The merry-go-round trip is completed three times in one of our years.

Both of these stars are enclosed in a vast shell of gas, so that they do keep "their motion in one sphere." The smaller one can't be seen because it is only fifteen times as bright as our sun, and therefore has no more chance of being noticed than an ordinary electric light would have in the glare of an aeroplane beacon.

Nobody really knows why the constellation in which these strange twins shine was named Perseus.

Perseus was the legendary Greek hero who had many extraordinary adventures, one of which was the cutting off of the head of Medusa, a snake-tressed lady who could turn into stone anybody who looked at her. Perseus, acting upon the advice of Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, took along a mirror when he went hunting Medusa.

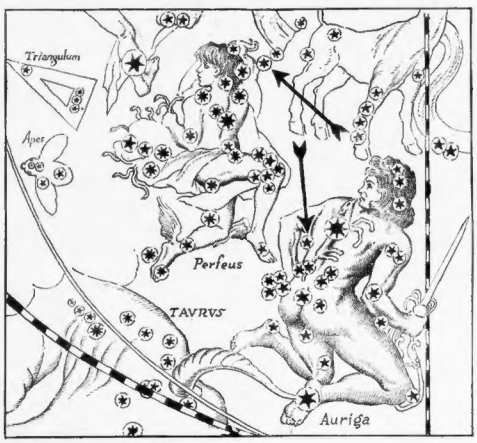
When he poised himself for the lethal blow, he looked into the mirror to get his aim. Medusa's lapidary glances hadn't any effect when glimpsed in a looking-glass. So Perseus cut off her head without being turned into stone. In the constellation of Perseus, he holds Medusa's head.

The mystery star, Phi, isn't in the old constellation maps, however, but a little off the side near the feet of another constellation which is called Camelopardalis or "the giraffe."

At any rate, a constellation featuring such an astonishing exhibit as the serpentine hairdo of the Medusa would seem to be a very fitting one for such an amazing combination as a double star so hot and bright as Phi and its companion, both operating in a bubble composed at least in part of helium.

Helium, readers will recall, is the interesting element of which the United States has a monopoly and which is so ardently desired by Germany to fill her dirigibles.

Perseus has another double star which puzzled astronomers, not for fifty years but for more than fifty centuries. It is known as Algol, or the Demon Star. The name is from the Arabic and may be translated roughly to mean the Great Ghoul. The Ghouls were special demons who robbed graves and ate the occupants.



An Old Pictorial Map of the Constellations of Perseus and Auriga, or the Charioteer. The Arrows Show the Approximate Location of the Weird Twin Stars in Perseus and the "Ghost Star" in Auriga.

An Old Theory of Astronomy Was That New Stars or Novae, as They Are Called, Were Sometimes Produced by Two Stars Falling Into Each Other. But Modern Science Doubts This. Picture of Colliding Stars by Professor Rudaux, of Donville Observatory, France.

Every so often, the Star Algol dims in such a way that it seems almost to disappear. The ancient Arabs may have thought it was being eaten by a Ghoul—much as the Chinese are said once to have explained the queer phenomenon of a solar or lunar eclipse as being brought about by a huge dragon eating chunks out of the sun or the moon.

But modern astronomers know that Algol blinks, not because of a demon's appetite but because of a dark companion, or twin, that passes between earth and stars once in every 69 hours and cuts down Algol's brilliant light to about one-third its usual strength.

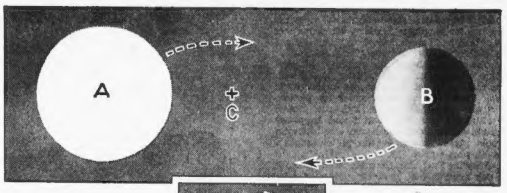
So simple an explanation for the queer behavior of Phi Persei is ruled out by Dr. Hynek.

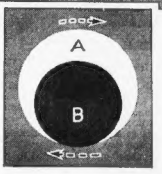
According to this astronomer, "To the eye this star looks like any other of the thousands of stars shining brightly these clear Winter evenings, but through the eye of the spectrograph it presents a puzzle of long standing to astronomers. The map of the colors in the light of this star, technically known as the spectrum of the star, and which is obtained by an instrument known as a spectrograph, shows striking variations unlike those found in normal stars like our sun and, indeed, shows some not found in any other star.

"Recently measurements made at the Perkins Observatory, of the Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State Universities, have disclosed new features in the behavior of the light emitted from superheated helium in the atmosphere of this star, which, though strange, offer new clues for the solution of the fantastic star over which numerous astronomers have puzzled during the past fifty years."

These new features apparently furnish the so-called missing link. For astronomers, trying to solve puzzles of the sky, often must make use of scanty and unrelated clues, just as detectives trying to trace a criminal often do the job by putting together such odd bits of evidence as a piece of string, the material collected under a victim's fingernails and, perhaps, some stray bits of hair or clothing.

When all the necessary clues are in hand, the astronomer, like the ordinary detective, fits these together bit by bit into a kind of jigsaw puzzle until the star mystery is solved.





Pictorial Diagram of the "Demon Star" Algol, Showing the Bright Twin (A) and the Dark Twin (B) Which Revolve Around a Common Centre of Gravity (C); Every 69 Hours, the Dark Star Passes in Front of the Brilliant One, Producing the Curious Winking and Dimming That Gave This Star Its Demonic Reputation.

"And," said Dr. Hynek to the representatives of The American Weekly, "such celestial mysteries are, to the astronomer, vastly more interesting than those we find here on earth." Whether or not a non-star-gazing G-man would agree is a question.

"Most stars," Dr. Hynek continued, "are normal and behave like our sun, which is the nearest star to us, or like Vega or Arcturus, both of which are well-known, normal stars. But some stars are very much out of the ordinary and behave in queer ways.

"For the most part these peculiar stars are not mysteries to the astronomer, who actually learns more about the behavior of matter in the universe from the study of these abnormal stars than he does from normal stars.

"Much in the same way that a psychologist often learns more about human nature by studying abnormal people than normal people.

"But some stars continue to defy explanation.

"Such a star is Phi Persei. It was discovered long ago that the light emitted by superheated hydrogen gas in this star varied in a way which could not be explained by existing theories. The closest astronomers could come to a solution was to consider Phi Persei as a huge contracting and expanding star varying in size in a period of 126 days.

"But all other stars which were known to behave in this way also varied in brightness. Yet Phi Persei remained imperturbably constant in light.

"It couldn't be an eclipsing star like the famous Algol for the same reason.

"The only other solution," said Dr. Hynek, "was to consider it to be a special kind of star. But there was no direct evidence for this, and so for years the puzzle remained to baffle astronomers who, like detectives on the trail of a terrestrial mystery, looked for more clues. Such clues were found recently in the behavior of the light emitted from superheated helium.

"The spectroscopic analysis of this light gave the first direct evidence that Phi Persei is actually a double star surrounded by a huge shell of gas," said Dr. Hynek.

"Now what was the nature of this clue, and how could the light given out by the element helium give evidence that Phi Persei was a double star? In this way: helium gas emits light of a different type than that of hydrogen.

"Helium gas so superheated gives out light of two sorts, technically known as the singlet lines and the triplet lines. It was found from an examination of spectrograms that these two kinds of light behaved quite differently. In fact, in just such a manner that could be explained most logically by considering the 'singlet' type of radiation to arise in one star, and the 'triplet' type of radiation in an otherwise invisible companion."

Unlike the behavior of many double stars, in Phi Persei only the triplet radiation of helium comes from the invisible companion.

"In some respects this seems more of a puzzle than we had before. But in recent years considerable theoretical work done mainly by Dr. Struve of the Yerkes Observatory has shown that under certain very special conditions of a rare vacuum far greater than any vacuum obtainable on the earth only one of the kinds of light from helium will be emitted while the other will be suppressed.

"Armed with the theoretical information an explanation for the peculiar behavior of helium in the Phi Persei is not hard to find. The main star composing Phi Persei is found from an analysis of the light emitted by superheated magnesium to be surrounded by a vast shell of gas existing in just such a state. Therefore, the triplet radiation of helium will not occur in the main star but can in the companion star."

Adding to this, other clues gathered by the spectrograph, Dr. Hynek points out, astronomers are able to picture, more or less definitely, what one could expect to find if he could travel out to a distance in space where Phi Persei is located; a distance so great that it takes light from the twins some 500 years to travel to the earth.

This is the picture of a pair of bright twins enveloped in a huge bubble of gas given earlier in this story.

As yet astronomers have not had time to figure out the exact size of this huge gas bubble, but another big gas bubble of a different nature is the famous "ghost star" companion

(Continued on Page 12)

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And why not? *Here,* at last, was someone who *specialized in the* most important thing in the world, discovering what everyone is looking for, *and the fee* was only $10.

There are *professionals,* trained to lead people to *health,* expert advisers on most any problem imaginable, even guides to show hunters where *deer* should be found. Why not a guide for *happiness* hunters, which includes everybody? Strange indeed that nobody had specialized *on* that universal need before.

The *circular* showed the picture of a benevolent-looking elderly man, just dripping with the milk *of* human kindness, as anyone could see. There was no name under the picture, yet who *else* could it be but the kindly, wealthy old man who had found happiness for himself by leading everyone else to it who would place himself in the philanthropist's hands plus a mere $10.

Why the $10? Mr. Beemster was evidently a rich man; in fact he freely confessed it by a *picture* of his home, a mansion of such impressive size as only a millionaire could afford. Under the picture they read:

"AN IMPORTANT NOTICE FROM WINSOR MANOR.

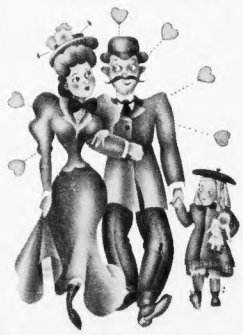
"Mr. Beemster, having tired of New York and Miami social life, has once more returned to beautiful Ohio and the rolling hills of the old Beemster ancestral estate. Here amid the peace and charm of Winsor Manor, Mr. Beemster continues to greater heights in his now world-famous role of 'Happiness Finder' to men and women of character and ambition.

"As with Mr. Beemster's Miami mansion, Winsor Manor is becoming the Mecca of good men and women everywhere. The great kindness of Appleton Beemster continues to radiate helpful, understanding service to all those in need of it. Write NOW to:

"APPLETON BEEMSTER,
WINSOR MANOR, Canfield, Ohio."

In the questionnaire which came to those who wrote Mr. Beemster, was the blunt question, "Have you the right to marry?" This seemed to indicate high moral principles rather than a desire to grab the money.

Mr. Beemster seemed to agree with the common belief that true happiness is to be found only in marriage. The New Deal popularized the "forgotten man" and the "Happiness Finder" emphasized him, too, but went the idea one better by going after the "forgotten woman," as shown in the following two romance idylls, supposed to have been taken out of his records of satisfied happiness customers.



"Paul B—" Was Forgotten, Too, Until Good Old Appleton Married Him Off (So the Story Went) to the Forgotten Woman.

"The Case of the 'Forgotten Woman.'

"CHARLOTTE V——, 30 years old, of Kansas City, Mo., a well-educated school teacher. So occupied was she with her work, with her efforts to obtain a master's degree in college while she was teaching, and with her care of her mother, that she had little time for romance or marriage, though occasionally her thoughts would turn in their direction. She had little time to encourage the attentions of men who were attracted by her pleasant personality and her attractive appearance. She was well-proportioned, five feet six inches tall, weighing 130 pounds. But the day came when her studies came to an end, and her mother died. The natural reaction came. Her life was changed entirely. No books, no studies, no mother, more time for thought. She found herself wishing wistfully for the companionship of men, for their attentions. She wanted a sweetheart, too, a husband, as every woman does.

"Charlotte V—" Was a Forgotten Woman, Fitted to Become a Perfect Wife, But Alas, She Was Too Modest to Look for a Husband—Until Mr. Beemster, So the Pamphlet Claimed, Found Her a Perfect Mate.

"But like many women, she had that inborn modesty which forbade her walking up to a man — even casual friends and acquaintances — and saying: 'I'm lonely. I like you. I want to see more of you. I want to see a great deal of you. I want to like you, and I want you to like me. I want to go places with you. It may be that I shall learn to love you, to want you for my husband. It may be that I shall want you only for my closest, dearest, most understanding friend in whom I can confide the most important personal matters.'

"Of course she couldn't do quite that. And she did not have the coquettish arts so many women have and use. She was her own sweet, frank, honest self, but that didn't stop her from being lonesome for a man. She had heard, of course, and noted some of the ads of matrimonial bureaus and correspondence clubs. But almost all of them appeared cheap to her. She felt it was beneath her dignity, although she was tempted, to avail herself of their services.

"But one day she heard of Appleton Beemster, the Fifth avenue brownstone mansion HAPPINESS FINDER, heard that he was a wealthy, highly respected gentleman who was doing what he was doing purely from humanitarian motives, that his clientele was very selective. She set aside her qualms and false pride in an impulsive moment and wrote to him, stated her case, and entreated his help. The venerable gentleman was touched by her letter. He acted swiftly. The introductions were consummated, Charlotte soon became especially interested in one of her correspondents, a romance budded, and in two months' time she was a happily wedded woman.

"The Case of the 'Forgotten Man.'

"PAUL B— was an accountant. He was 40, very happily married, and owned a comfortable home in a suburb of Baltimore. He had one child, a golden-haired smiling miss of four. Sudden tragedy entered his life. His wife was struck down fatally by an automobile one day. In time the shock wore off, and Paul began to feel the pangs of loneliness, of wistfulness for the comradeship of a woman, and also for a mother for his little girl.

"It was the old story. He had, of course, several women friends, casual and family friends, but among them none had the characteristics of the wife he had lost, and somehow, he yearned for a woman who had her traits and attributes.

"Then he, too, heard of Appleton Beemster, of New York City, and of the remarkable results he was achieving. He wrote and begged help. He told of the wife he had lost, of her lovely characteristics, and his great desire for someone like her.

"Paul is married now. He married Charlotte V—, of Kansas City, Mo., the very same lonely school teacher whose history is outlined above. The two of them never have stopped thanking Appleton Beemster."

Beemster advertised in the help-wanted columns of papers of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Pittsburgh and other cities some distance away from Canfield, a little town of 1,000 inhabitants and a suburb of Youngstown, the steel city. One of his best "pullers" was the following:

"REFINED, well-informed Gentile lady over 40 to act as companion to lady. Must be single or widow, white, free to travel. Good wardrobe desirable. Fine home, salary, plus living, traveling expenses. Permanent. Give full particulars in first letter. Winsor Manor, Canfield, Ohio."

And these advertisements brought a flood of inquiries, and to each of these, he replied with a form letter as follows:

"Dear Mrs. H—:

"Thank you heartily for your fine letter of (date) and Mrs. H.— congratulations. You and a Dayton lady have been chosen from the applicants received. Three additional ladies will be chosen soon.

"You know how it is these days: To get a decent position you must have a 'pull'—you must know the important people. That's why I'd like to introduce you by personal letter to well-to-do folks who seek a lady companion of character and refinement like yourself.

"I'm sure the inclosed material will fully explain my famous service. I have made the list of special clients for you, Mrs. H—, sent with the permission of Clients SD 137 and 253. (Please return.) I can place you in a pleasant position as I do dozens of other good ladies each year.

"I must have your permission before going ahead—merely return the application with the small investment of $10.00 today. I'LL DO THE REST. But here's a friendly warning, Mrs. H—: don't delay. You'll be mighty glad you acted at once.

"I await your application and remain—

"Yours for unlimited happiness.

"Appleton Beemster."

The checks, money-orders and ten-dollar bills rolled in but when the customers failed to get unlimited happiness or even any at all, complaints followed.

Edward Corll (Left), Who Thought Up the Mythical Phantom, "Mr. Appleton Beemster," Pictured Wearing His Most Benevolent Expression, But Not Named, On the Circular Shown Above.

It Was When Hopeful, Smiling Ladies of All Ages Began to Flock to Canfield and Flooded Town Officials With Inquiries That Mr. Beemster Was Found to Be a Myth—Leaving His Clients Stranded and Disillusioned.

Finally the complainers began to make personal appearances, thinking that "Winsor Manor," the "ancestral mansion" of the wealthy old Beemster family, would be easy to find in any sized place. To their dismay, none of the natives of Canfield had ever heard of either nor did they recognize the pictures. A drive around the place convinced the happiness-hunters that no such grandiose edifice existed in Canfield.

Most of the victims said nothing and went home, sadder but wiser men and women, but a few told their troubles to the postmaster. These complaints reached the Post-Office Inspectors and the Better Business Bureau of Youngstown and together they confronted the gentleman who was selling but not delivering unlimited happiness.

Sad to relate they killed the great benefactor, destroying him so completely that there was not even an atom left for the coroner to "sit on."

When the representatives of Uncle Sam and honest business closed in they found, instead of a benign gentleman of about 70, a tall, handsome blond youth of 24, who might well have been the perfect consolation for most any of the lonesome and lovelorn ladies who sent him ten dollars and expected something of the kind by return mail.

The young man confessed that he was Edward F. Corll and that the saintly Appleton Beemster was only his spiritual self, what he would like to be and possibly sometime might have gotten to be, if all had gone well, which it certainly didn't. Who the benevolent-looking original of the picture is or was, he doesn't know but there is no Appleton Beemster, except in Edward's imagination.

Edward told his questioners that he had conceived the idea two years ago in Florida and developed it in Youngstown where he lives in such a modest abode that nobody would mistake it for a mansion. He says he really believed he could find and deliver happiness, with only a brokerage fee of $10 for each consignment. Corll thought that like Wall Street operators he had read about, he could sell happiness short, only to find that there seemed to be none of that commodity on the market. He was never able to pick up so much as a crumb of it for his clients or himself either, nothing but grief and trouble.

In spite of all the ten-spots that have been mailed to him, Edward seemed to have no assets but a mass of those circulars which he readily surrendered to the inspectors. He gladly agreed to retire from the happiness business and to the annihilation of the personality known as "Appleton Beemster." His parting remark as he set forth in search of an ordinary job was:

"I'd give $10 to anyone who would show me some real happiness—if I had $10."

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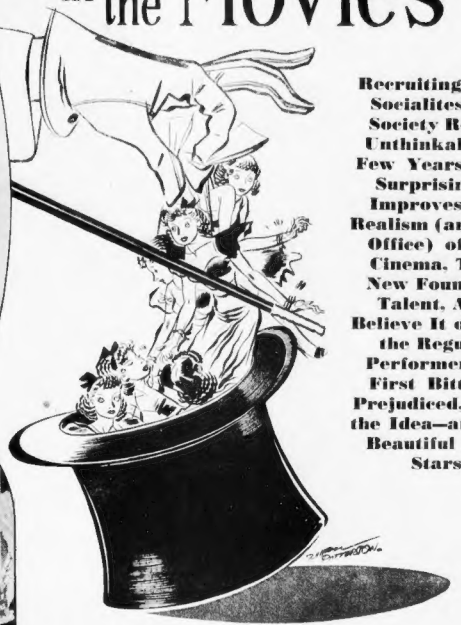
"High Hat" in the Movies

Recruiting Real Socialites for Society Roles, Unthinkable a Few Years Ago, Surprisingly Improves the Realism (and Box Office) of the Cinema. Taps New Founts of Talent. And, Believe It or Not, the Regular Performers, at First Bitterly Prejudiced, Like the Idea—and the Beautiful New Stars

Ten Years Ago the Public's Idea of a Socialite Star Forced Directors to "Doll Up" Geraldine Miller-Graham So Ridiculously that She Could Not Act Naturally—And So Gave Up Her Movie Career.

A Pet of New York Society, Cobina Wright, Jr., Social Registerite, Whose Movie Career Promises to Outshine Her Triumphs as a Singer—Because Her Roles Will Be Natural Ones.



Cobina's Very Social Mama, Whose Flair for Hard Work, and Example, Fired Her Daughter's Ambition to Become a Star.

Helene Fortescue-Reynolds, Talented Socialite "Find." Her Name Was Too Long for the Electric Signs, So the Movies Changed It to Helene Whitney.

Sophisticated But Ambitious Whitney Bourne, the Sewing Machine Heiress, Who Has Already Achieved Success in the Films.

By LLOYD PANTAGES,
Well-Known Motion Picture Commentator.

THE recent rush that Hollywood gave Cobina Wright, Jr., society songstress, is the latest symptom of a new era in moving pictures. Cobina is sufficiently beautiful and talented to have gotten onto the screen at any stage of the game, but what is new and startling about her welcome is that she is wanted to play society roles and to act them, exactly as she lives them—an idea that would have been lunacy only a little while ago.

As often as the rash thought was suggested in a studio someone promptly crushed it by citing the classic case of Geraldine Miller-Graham. Miss Miller-Graham was the daughter of the famous Mrs. Miller-Graham, whose horses consistently bested those of King Edward VII at Ascot; and the former Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, was an honor guest at Gerry's debut. Today she is the popular Mrs. Juillard MacDonald of New York and San Francisco.

Though long as they come, socially, the Graham-Miller family became short financially, in fact their fortunes bit the dust long before the 1929 stock market crash. And so, shortly after her debut, this lovely young girl who had associated with royalty ever since she was a baby, accepted one of many movie offers—and the very worst one—for the reasons that made it seem the best and most natural.

Gerry was so perfect from every angle as to leave little doubt that she would have worked up to the heights of fame, had she started as an unknown extra not to the manor born. In time she might have triumphed in society roles, after being duly instructed. The tragedy came from playing the role which was as natural to her as for a bird to fly. But look what happened!

Her first day, she was asked to appear on the set as a debutante, in other words, as herself. She turned up in a Chanel gown, in the height of taste and only the proper number of jewels. The director took one look, muttered a profane prayer and rushed her back to the wardrobe. There he did her up in cloth of gold, enough ropes of pearls to equip a five-and-ten, barbaric ostrich plumes that would have delighted the heart of a jungle savage, and armed her with a lorgnette—a weapon that would have been all right in the hands of an aged dowager but was as out of place for this society maiden as would have been a crusader's mace. Besides making her look utterly ridiculous she was ordered to act in a highfalutin comic-strip manner. Her career passed through tears of humiliation and ended in hysterics then and there.

Was the director ignorant or stupid? Not at all. He knew his business and was doing the right thing for that stage of the screen's development, just as a few years before that, every actor, unless playing the part of a corpse, was told to keep moving every instant or be discharged.

The first customers paid their nickels, not because they cared much for the story but to see the miracle of a picture that moved. Even inanimate objects, as far as possible, were kept on the jump. Outside of every door and window powerful fans were planted to make palms wave frantically and skirts flutter interestingly.

The haughty duchess squirmed and fidgeted while reading a telegram handed to her by a butler who jigged and jerked alarmingly. The screen got over this St. Vitus dance stage soon, but all society people were portrayed as billionaires and had to be plastered with jewels, even when playing tennis or golf.

If the director had let Gerry appear as a society girl, true to life, the picture fans of that day would not have accepted the character. But now they have seen the real thing in the news reels and it is another matter. It should be remembered that the stage has been slowly evolving for more than 2,000 years while the screen has had to telescope all that progress into hardly more than one generation. What a difference just a few years make was brought to Hollywood's consciousness by what happened in George Raft's picture, "Every Evening at Eight."

The script called for a smart gathering representing the fashionable River Club in New York. A mob of dressed-up extras did the usual high-hat stuff, which would have been perfect only a little time ago, but now brought moans from the projection room. They looked like a lot of stuffed shirts and shirtesses. In desperation the director enticed (with very little effort) half the younger set of California before the camera and got exactly what he wanted.

The disgruntled extras, however, gave the poor socialites a terrific razzing. They howled at everything they did. Then, at the end of a long, hard day's work, the socialites were calmly advised to give their earnings to funds for indigent movie folk, although they had worked as hard as anyone else could have, and had saved the studio thousands by their ability to deliver what was wanted, the real thing in a hurry.

Nowadays, movie producers realize that the training a debutante receives at her finishing school is almost the same regime she would have to undergo in a studio if she were being groomed for pictures. She learns to speak, dance, fence, ride, sing, pronounce, speak foreign languages, carry herself well, wear clothes, be familiar with history and the wealth of the world's literature, so she has an equipment somewhat fitting her to face any situation in life she may come up against, or, on the screen, to play any sort of role she may be called upon to fill. This is true, in spite of the fact that a few genuine blue-blood debutantes have tried to look, dress and behave like the old-fashioned screen-fake which they saw when they were flappers.

Being in the Social Register is not enough to get anyone on a studio payroll, but it is the best recommendation for a screen test, if the socialite seems to have all that the exacting camera demands.

Like Cobina, they must also "have what it takes." She did not come to the coast as a hopeful studio-crasher. She was starring in her own right at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, after having been an overnight sensation in New York.

It is no secret that the eminent authority on feminine beauty and charm, George Cukor, informed Cobina that she is as promising a screen aspirant as any newcomer he has ever seen. She has a perfect figure, a highly photogenic face, and an enchanting singing and speaking voice which records perfectly.

The reason she is not working for the films right now is because she asked more than the studios cared to pay in this lean era of depression and labor troubles at home and foreign markets gone. To make herself worth the figure she has set, Cukor advised Cobina first to do a play on Broadway, which is still the Royal Road to Hollywood.

Right now, Tim Durant of THE Durants is head writer on Chaplin's forthcoming comedy, "The Dictator," and doing very well, and now that Europe is too scarey for traveling bluebloods, Hollywood has been so overrun with them that the mutual prejudices society and movie colonists had against each other have all been swept away. They mingle freely at clubs, at the races, at parties. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt could have become a movie juvenile, but preferred his first love, horses. His charm is famous, and he is much the same type as Jimmy Stewart, and doubtless would have made a go of it.

Furthermore, New York society's prejudice against acting has fallen apart. Franchot Tone, of wealthy family, was aided to the hilt by his father and mother when he took to the stage, and, from successes there, stepped right onto the screen.

Billy Livingston, Brenda Frazier's favorite escort, was signed for pictures although he hasn't appeared as yet. Robert Stack, of one of the West's finest families, gave Deanna Durbin her recent first cinematic kiss. Helene Fortescue-Reynolds, whose haughty family suffered over the headlines about their relative, Mrs. Lieutenant Massie, U. S. N., in Honolulu, is under contract at R. K. O. But her real name was too long to fit in the lights and other signs, so it has been changed to Helene Whitney. Whitney Bourne, the sewing machine heiress, has been successful in movies both East and West. Geraldine Spreckels, the sugar heiress, financed a picture for herself and dabbled in little theatres. Now she's knuckled down to work, and is one of a trio of singers in the New York musical comedy success, "Too Many Girls," and good, too, and doing it the hard way.

There was considerable jealousy when Mrs. Jock Whitney, the enormously popular "Liz" Altemus, of Philadelphia, was tested for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." Since Mr. Whitney's moneybags were back of Selznick's studio, everyone in sight (or almost) said it was a case of the boss' wife having the inside track, and there was so much resentment the whole idea was quietly dropped.

However, to prove how signally unfair this was, anyone who has seen the finished picture, and has also seen Mrs. Whitney's pictures, can't fail to see how strongly she resembles Vivien Leigh, who did play Scarlett, and who was chosen out of seemingly half the women

(Continued on Page 12)

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"Melancholy Baby" Mr. McNellis and His Musical Love Problem

As Torchbearer No. 1, He Haunts the Night Clubs Where Maggi, His Ex-Wife, Croons, But Never Will She Sing the Words He Wants to Hear, Because of That Slap He Gave Her Just Because She Didn't Wash the Dishes

Never a Night Goes By Without Poor Richard Sitting in the Audience, Staring Dejectedly at Maggi's Face — and When Request Time Comes, He Sends a Message or Holds Up a Napkin on Which He Has Penciled "Melancholy Baby."

Maggi's Professional Sponsor, the English Actress, Gertrude Lawrence, Whose Flowers Maggi Wears at Her Premieres, Ignoring the Corsages That Always Come from Richard.

"Come to me my melancholy baby,
Cuddle up and don't be blue."
(Copyright assigned 1939 to Mercer & Morris, Inc.)

EVERY night Maggi, the slim brunette, sings into the microphone and down to her Chicago night club audiences those complaining croonings about unrequited love, known as "torch songs."

But the personnel of the clubs, especially the sympathetic waiters, know that in this case the person who "carries the torch" is not the pretty singer, but a silent man who sits alone at the nearest table, an untasted drink in front of him, drinking her in with his eyes.

At least once every evening the announcement is made that requests will be considered. Instantly several sympathetic waiters rush to the side of the lone, silent figure who has pulled out a pencil and scribbled a note containing just two words, "Melancholy Baby."

The first of the waiters to reach the table gets the job of carrying the note to the singer and usually a five-dollar tip for his quick sympathy.

His request usually gets to Maggi first of all but she does not look at it. She waits until others have arrived. When at last there is quite a little pile she looks them over and sings one or two of them. But never does she sing the one he asks for. She would not sing it, even if all the others in the house asked for it too.

She would not dare, because it would be misunderstood. Most anything might happen. The "melancholy baby" himself might rush right up onto the stage and fold the singer in his arms — and she does not want to be folded.

He is more than an unrequited lover — not merely a man who loved and lost but one who loved and won; enjoyed four and a half years of more or less requited love and happiness and then lost her. He is her ex-husband, Richard V. McNellis, who recently permitted Mrs. Margaret McNellis to get an amicable divorce, only to realize when too late that he "loved her worse than ever."

So every night he sits like a penniless child outside of a candy store window, yearning helplessly for what was once his exclusively, and now so near and yet so far. Observing that his requests by note never were granted, he tried another tack.

To the disapproval of the hovering waiters, because no tip went with this scheme, he produced a carpenter's pencil and with its broad, soft lead wrote on his napkin:

"Please sing 'MELANCHOLY BABY.'"

He held it up for her to see and she did see. The singer's eyes, always able to look right over Richard's head, were irresistibly attracted by the flash of white. They lingered just long enough to read the two words. But the "by request" song announced was not that. It was:

"I Can Get Along Without You, Very Well."

Was it a coincidence that someone had really asked for that one, or was it a rebuke, in the language of music?

Not by a glance or a tone did she reveal that it was meant for him. In fact, it looked as if she were aiming it at a portly and noisy "souse" some tables away.

Undaunted, he tried the same move again the next night. At least he felt that she was taking notice of him. This time, instead of his request, she favored him with what is perhaps less of a torch song than a scorch song: "GET OUT OF TOWN!"

He says it with flowers, too, but she never wears them — always those of someone else, and for the same reason. She does not dare be misunderstood.

One night came the dreaded crisis, though not in quite the way she had expected. A large and big-spending party which, therefore, was entitled to anything it asked within reason — almost to the head of the torch-singer on a silver charger — became sentimental and sent up a request for the old ditty, "WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE."

With a smile she was about to grant the request when she remembered, and the smile froze. Now, Richard had not requested that — he never requests anything but "Melancholy Baby." Yet it would not do, because she well remembered that it was one of his favorites, and surely he would think it a message.

The big spender who was throwing the nice, expensive party was pained and everyone could see pain transferred to the features of the manager when he expressed himself. The manager came and conversed quietly but earnestly with Maggi but the singer was adamant.

The manager returned slowly to the spender's table, rubbing one ear and registering the deep thought of a man trying to invent an alibi.

Finally he had the inspiration to tell the requester the truth, and it was accepted. The party was content to have been inside spectators of an unrequited love tragedy and were so considerate about it that when Richard declined their invitation to join the party and cry into their champagne, they did not insist.

"We quarreled over the material things of life," the 26-year-old plaintiff told the judge in her divorce torch song, recently recited at Calumet City, Indiana.

"What?" inquired His Honor, "do you mean by 'material things'?"

"Oh, things like housekeeping and such," said the fair witness. "He didn't seem to think I was giving sufficient personal attention to the running of our household."

Maggi then explained how generously she had contributed from her own salary as a night club entertainer, enough to promote their housekeeper to a full-time basis from the part-time arrangement, as it had been when her 35-year-old husband was carrying all the household expenses out of his commissions as a Chicago wheat broker.

This was a great sacrifice when she needed it all for upswept hair-dos, gowns and general beautification, in the interests of her career, but he had not appreciated it.

"Then came the morning he slapped me," the torch-contralto went on, apparently noting that the judge did not look very horrified.

"It was just because there happened to be a few soiled dishes in the sink. He didn't give me time to explain that it was Friday and so the night before was Thursday, the cook's day off, and these were our dinner dishes which I hadn't had time to do before going to my singing engagement. I could not get over the humiliation of taking a slap for such a reason, Your Honor."

The witness paused to dab an eye with a handkerchief at the thought of an artiste being slapped right on her hair-do because she had neglected a menial dish-do.

Then she related that in another moment of towering rage over similar material matters he had pushed her off the chair, causing her to sit down hard on the living-room floor. In spite of this, the judge asked:

"Couldn't the complainant and the defendant forget the sorry argument over dishes in the sink and go back together again?"

The trim young witness shook her head so violently that the judge knew that his suggestion was overruled, and so he granted the divorce.

There were no children and Maggi asked for no alimony, only that she keep the name of Maggi McNellis.

If poor Richard had been in court to do his "Melancholy Baby" act, things might have been different. But he let the opportunity slip by and now must plead his case silently in the atmosphere of the night clubs.

No doubt a jury of good waiters and true would bring in a verdict in his favor in less time than it would take them to bring in a round of dry martinis — but it would not mean anything.

Maggi's career was perhaps inevitable. It is said that when a lady has attended a large enough number of weddings, she gets so she is willing to marry most anyone, in order to play the star role of bride.

Undertakers state that those peculiar characters known as "funeral fans" get to look forward to the day when they will play the stellar role even in that mournful show.

The McNellises, being in the younger "Cafe Society" set of Chicago, Maggi, like the other women watching the entertainers night after night, yearned to be on the receiving end of the applause. The difference in her case was that she was able to turn the wish into reality a little more than a year ago.

There was the problem of an alluring stage name in place of the commonplace Maggie by which everyone knew her. Instead of a glamorous candy or flower name or a curiosity-inciting masculine one like Billie, she simply lopped off the "e" from the one she had. As Maggi, it suggested Oriental romance and confusion.

It was a stroke of genius. But something else dropped with that last letter. The domesticity fell out of Dick McNellis' life with a dull, sickening thud.

When a husband sees an individual rival looming on his family horizon, there are sometimes such simple remedies as giving him a black eye. But when a wife gets "her public," the unfortunate husband can no more black its eye than he could that of a basilisk.

Finding himself beyond human aid, McNellis, perhaps wisely, let his wife go, without any legal scuffle. Then finding that he cannot live without her, perhaps unwisely is striving single-handed to woo her back. It's a brave, forlorn attempt of one man against the world.

But anything can happen in night-life — he might succeed.

There is one ray of hope. Though the flowers she sometimes pins on her sophisticated corsage are never Dick's, neither are they from any other man, as far as he can find out.

Usually on her debut night at a new club, they are from the actress, Gertrude Lawrence.

When a society woman becomes a professional, it seems to be the custom for her to be sponsored by someone well-known in the profession. This appears to help the newcomer and is always good for the sponsor because it gets her name in the papers.

At that Miss Lawrence first took the sponsor role as an emergency understudy for a much bigger personality — Elsa Maxwell, famous as the "heavyweight champion society jester of the world."

Everything was set for this imposing person to sponsor the cafe-society girl's debut. But for some reason Elsa forgot all about it, giving a party of her own in her hotel rooms until just in time to catch her train for New York where she was booked for her next lecture.

In this emergency Miss Lawrence kindly consented to grace the occasion and has been doing so periodically ever since.

Mr. McNellis was present and should have been able to introduce his wife to the public more accurately than most anyone else, but nobody wants a husband's-eye-view of an artiste. At that time they were still more or less happily married and she sang "MELANCHOLY BABY" with the following reassuring line straight at him:

"All your fears are foolish fancy, maybe—
You know, dear, I'm in love with you."

She looked at him again when she sang the last lines with their promise:

"Every cloud must have a silver lining;
Wait until the sun shines through.
Smile my honey dear, while I kiss away each tear,
Or else I shall be melancholy, too."

Alas; those contralto promissory notes are still unpaid! The torch-singing craze may be near its end.

Salley Sharrett, daughter of a former Missouri Supreme Court Judge and graduate of a finishing school, is only 20 years old but scorns the sophisticated moans and "brings down the house" in a Chicago night spot with the old-timer, "A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS."

Pretty, blond, 18-year-old Cobina Wright, Jr., made her West Coast debut with sophisticated torch tunes. But a popular columnist gave her the following advice:

"Drop the sophistication and sing the way you look — like a nice, sweet girl."

At her next appearance Cobina took his advice and has been a knockout ever since.

MAURICE SEYMOUR PHOTO

Hopeful But Dejected, Richard McNellis Refuses to Throw Away the Torch He Is Carrying Until Maggi Sings His Song as a Sign That She Has Forgiven—and Still Loves Him. But Torch Songs Are Going Out of Style.

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Disease Germs That Have Learned to Jump

A Deadly Kind of Sleeping Sickness That Has "Graduated" From Horses and Found Out How to Attack Human Beings; the Rabbit Fever That Has Discovered How to Poison the Fins of the Catfish.

One, and Perhaps Several Kinds of Mosquitoes Are Now Supposed to Be the Carrier of the Dread "Horse Fever" From the Sick Animal to Man, Woman or Child; First Biting the Horse, Sucking the Infected Blood and Then Passing This on, as Though by a Dirty Hypodermic Needle, in Its Next Bite.

By IAGO GALDSTON, M.D.

WHEN, last August, three scientists from the Boston Children's Hospital reported that they had found the disease agent of the sleeping sickness of horses in the nervous system of children dead of "brain fever," the medical world was startled and alarmed.

Here was what appeared to be a new disease, one that threatened great destruction.

Little was known about it and least of all how it could "jump" from horse to man.

Called by science "equine encephalomyelitis," two words meaning inflammation of the brain and spinal cord of the horse, the disease is of long standing having been observed in Europe in the early nineteenth century, and in the United States at about 1850.

Until 1931, however, no one knew what caused this disorder among horses. Then three scientists from the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research, at the University of California, tackled the problem.

An epidemic was raging among the horses and mules in the San Joaquin Valley of California. K. F. Meyer, C. M. Haring and B. F. Hourtt went down to see what they might discover and on August 28, 1931, they announced their answer to the riddle.

That disorder which had been variously called "horse fever," "blind staggers," "Kansas-Nebraska horse plague," and which had been charged to a variety of causes, the three scientists reported, was basically an inflammatory disorder of the central nervous system—that is, brain and spinal cord—caused by a filterable virus. In other words, it was a disease of the same class as infantile paralysis, human sleeping sickness, hydrophobia, and influenza: all of them being caused by different kinds of filterable viruses. This discovery was of vast importance, for medicine has in recent years learned a lot about viruses and in fact, has gained masterful control over a number.

The viruses belong to the germ group, but they are particularly small germs. In fact, some of the viruses are so small that scientists doubt that they are living things.

Furthermore, the viruses are not visible; one cannot see them under the microscope as one can see most germs. It is therefore rather difficult to work with them, and yet the ingenuity of man has mastered many of these difficulties. Today we can identify the different viruses, photograph some of them in ultra-violet light, measure their mass by swinging them about in high-speed centrifuges, and best of all, grow them in living tissues and thereby produce effective vaccines.

Having discovered that the sleeping sickness of horses is caused by a virus, scientists set to work further to unravel the problems of the disorder.

Promptly it was discovered that in the United States there are two different forms of the disease, one prevailing in the West and caused by what is called the Western type of virus, and the other in the East, caused by the Eastern type.

A horse in the East may suffer the disease, recover, and be immune to the Eastern virus. That same horse exposed to the Western virus will come down with the disorder. There is, as the scientists put it, no cross immunization between the Eastern and Western forms.

Certain other significant items were discovered. The disease does not spread by contact; it doesn't pass directly from animal to animal. It is most prevalent during the seasons when the insects are most active and tends to disappear with the first killing frost.

The virus of the disease centers within the animal's nervous system, but for a short while at the beginning of the malady it circulates in the blood.

All of this was to the good, but it didn't seem to help the scientists to stop the trouble. Thus in 1935, there were 30,000 cases reported; in 1937 the number of cases jumped to 170,000. In 1938, a particularly destructive epidemic raged among the horses of the Eastern States. Massachusetts seemed to be particularly badly afflicted.

But what was worse, it was definitely shown for the first time that invisible germs can "jump" from horses to humans.

It was late in August, 1938. The outbreak of encephalomyelitis was raging fiercely. The public health officials and veterinarians were hard at work trying to stem the epidemic. Then the medical men became aroused. An uncommon number of fatal encephalitis cases appeared among the children of the district.

Was it possible, the medical men asked, that there was some connection between the equine and the human brain disease? Meyer, who originally discovered the virus, said back in 1932 that it was possible, and he reported three cases of encephalitis occurring among men in close contact with horses suffering from the disease. But this was only opinion, not proof.

Science is nourished on more solid stuff. Four Boston physicians, Leroy D. Fothergill, John H. Dingle, Sidney Barber and M. L. Connery therefore set out to test this suspicion. They took the brain tissue of one young victim, ground it up, strained and filtered it, and by a series of inoculation and neutralization tests established that it did indeed contain the equine virus.

The report of their findings was published in the New England Journal of Medicine, September 22, 1938. Their discovery was soon confirmed in many research centers, including the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

There seemed to be no doubt that the virus "jumps" from horse to man.

But how?

Scores of research men set to work trying to find the answer, with the result that many new and complicating facts have been discovered. The most significant perhaps is this: equine encephalomyelitis is wrongly labeled. It isn't "equine" in the sense that it is a "horse" disease. On the contrary it is a disease common to many animals including not a few birds.

It is quite likely then that the virus doesn't "jump" from horse to man, but rather that some other animal acts as a reservoir for the virus and that it gets to horses and to men, so to say, by separate "jumps."

As to the jump proper, that is most likely by way of a blood-sucking insect. Mosquitoes, ticks, and stinging flies are suspected. Experimentally, any of these insects may be infected, but to date, no free flying insect or tick has as yet been found carrying the virus.

Are we helpless then against the ravages of this disease and its menace to human beings? Not quite! An effective vaccine has been developed against equine encephalomyelitis.

The virus is taken from the brain of a diseased horse and is grown on developing chick embryos. Incubated eggs nine to twelve days old are infected. In twenty-four hours the virus destroys the chick. The chick tissues are then properly treated and the virus is killed with formalin.

Out of this material a vaccine is made which when injected into horses renders them resistant against the disease for at least six months. That protects them for a season. The horses can be revaccinated.

So far, so good. But the problem hasn't been entirely solved, and won't be until we know definitely how the infinitesimal germs "jump" from animal to man.

The fact that other animals beside the horse, and notably that wild birds harbor the disease cause, makes the problem very complicated. However, there is little warrant for alarm. By bitter and costly experience man has learned how to break up the combinations of germs plus animals plus insects. It took him a long time to learn this and mountains of human beings were sacrificed before mankind even conceived of this deadly combination.

Given the right kind of germ, an insect to carry it, and an animal to harbor it and you have the most deadly combination known to man. All the wars that mankind has suffered since Cain first did violence to Abel have killed but a handful of men compared to the slaughter inflicted by the insect-borne diseases.

The greatest of the plagues, the blackest of deaths, have been of such combinations. And strangely, despite our great advances in medical science and in sanitation, the menace of a new combine, some union of a germ that can cause a disease, an animal host in which the germ may thrive, and an insect to carry the germ from animal to animal and from these to man, is ever with us.

Who, for example, would have thought that the little Bacterium tularense which causes the deadly "rabbit fever" or tularemia could have learned to "jump" from the rabbit to a catfish and from the catfish to the unlucky angler who caught it?

Of all the tall tales most anglers tell, one of the strangest is about a rod-and-reel addict who actually caught something he simply couldn't boast about.

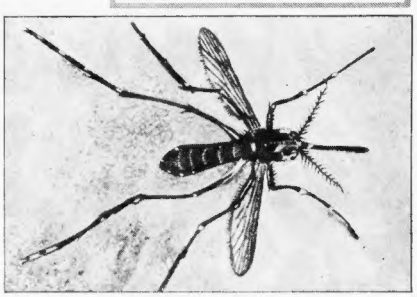
Yet this unlucky fisherman reeled in what medical experts suspect was a case of rabbit fever or tularemia. This disease kills off many of the country's rabbits each year and takes a whack at humans whenever it gets the chance.

The little Bacterium tularense usually gets into the human body through a scratch or a bite by a diseased animal or by some insect carrying the infection.

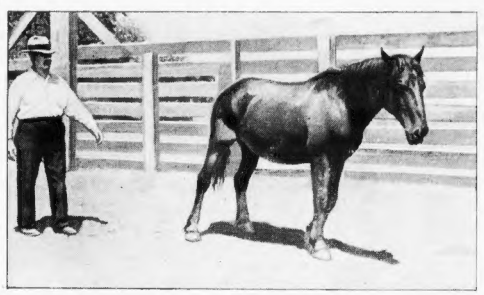
Years ago, before much was known about rabbit fever, hunters and butchers who handled the little animals often got small ulcers on their skin, caught a strange fever and had swollen glands. People who handled such rabbits got sick in the same way. Now that science knows that the dangerous Bacterium tularense may be lurking wherever there are rabbits, better precautions are taken. Every one from butcher to housewife is urged to wear

(Continued on Page 15)

Little Doreen Shook, a Pathetic Case of Sleeping Sickness That at First Was Diagnosed as the New "Horse Fever" Variety, But Later Was Found to Be the More Common Form of the Disease.



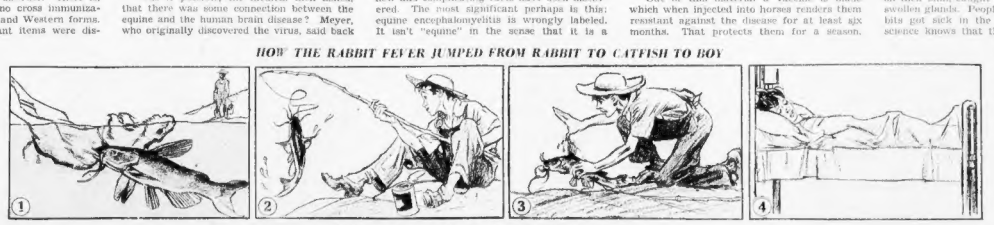
The Mosquito Named Aedes Egypti, Which Is One of Those Supposed to Carry the Virus of "Horse Fever." (U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine.)



A Horse in One of the Stages of the Fever, Apparently Asleep on Its Feet and Incapable of Moving of Its Own Volition. (Photo by Courtesy of the University of Nevada.)

A Horse With an Advanced Case of the Disease That Is Now Producing the New Type of Sleeping Sickness in Human Beings. (Photo by Courtesy of the University of Nevada.)

HOW THE RABBIT FEVER JUMPED FROM RABBIT TO CATFISH TO BOY



1—The Catfish Nibbles at and Brushes Up Against the Dead Rabbit and the Bacilli of the "Rabbit Fever" Is Transferred to Its Fins.

2—The Boy Angler Catches the Infected Fish.

3—One of the Bacilli Poisoned Fins Pricks His Hand.

4—And Science Battles for His Life.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Laughing Girl

By George F. Worts

"What Makes You Think You Can Go Now?" Demanded Judge Jeffers Indignantly, as Sandra Stared Wildly at Him. "You've Been Traveling With This Man, Storm, Haven't You? You've Crossed State Lines With Him and You Aren't Married to Him. I Am Holding You, Young Woman, on Charges."

"LOOK," cried Peter Storm to glamorous Sandra Page, pointing to a figure scuttling toward a car in the Nevada moonlight, "it's Simon Ketzler." They had thought Ketzler dead in an explosion that had killed his employer, Hilary Logan, inventor of loganite, a new metal invaluable for war uses, stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, the formula for which, worth millions, was sought by both Peter and Sandra. But now, sure Ketzler had blown up Logan's laboratory near Las Vegas to steal the secret, they started in pursuit.

This episode climaxed an exciting evening in which Sandra had entered Peter's hotel room, rifled his bags and confronted him with a revolver. Then, convinced he didn't have the formula, she offered to work with him. "Whichever gets it," she said, "can keep it—if he can hang onto it."

She declared she was Logan's niece and heir. Peter knew this was a lie but she attracted and fascinated him and he agreed to her proposal though knowing she'd double-cross him at the first chance. What he didn't know was that she had been sent West from New York by Brook Van Pell, a lawyer in love with her, who was scheming to sell the formula to the highest foreign bidder, something he didn't tell her when he directed her to watch his agent, Scott Higgins, alias Prof. John Medkin, whom he didn't trust.

Peter, after explaining to Sandra that just before the explosion he had agreed with her uncle on royalties on loganite in behalf of his company, Allied Metals Corporation, drove her to the scene to investigate. It was then they saw Ketzler scuttle away, and received another surprise when Medkin greeted them only to vanish suddenly. As Peter and Sandra sped after Ketzler she asked, "What form is that formula in, on a sheet of paper?"

"Probably," he replied, recalling Logan's shy grin when he had asked that question.

Meanwhile, on a liner N. Y. bound on a secret mission to buy from Medkin a secret process for a revolutionary new metal, Count Angelo Beretti found his coming was public property and realized he had betrayed himself during an hilarious evening with an American blonde.

As Beretti's boat neared port, Peter, hot in pursuit of Ketzler, learned that Medkin, too, was close on Ketzler's trail. He wondered if Sandra was working with Medkin and, distrusting her more and more, told her he was going to drop her as soon as he could. "I'll promise not to lie, I won't double-cross you," she cried in a panic. But he persisted. A moment later, a motor cop pulled up and ordered the speeding Peter to the side of the road.

And Now Go on With the Story.

CHAPTER V.

AS PETER pulled the convertible to the side of the road, Sandra straightened up. The hand against her lips was trembling. He hoped she was preparing to spray the motor cop with charm, to soften him up with golden voice and warm loveliness and laughing blue eyes.

She said, "This isn't funny."

"Use your charm," Peter said. "It never fails."

"We can't tell him about Ketzler!"

"Good Lord, no," Peter drawled.

"I'll do my best," she sighed.

The man in uniform walked back from his vehicle. He pushed his goggles up on his forehead and looked at Peter. His face was young and desert-browned and dry-lined. His blue eyes were yellowed and uncompromising.

He said in a soft Arizona drawl: "I suppose you didn't see that sign out of town a ways that says our speed limit is twenty-five."

Sandra Page leaned across Peter and said sharply: "At this hour of night?"

He looked at her coldly. "At any hour of the day or night."

It was just like her, Peter reflected. The right kind of smile, the right words would have sent them off down the road in a matter of seconds. She had to choose this moment to be perverse. She was probably a cop-hater, too.

"Let's see your driver's license."

Peter produced the small black leather case containing, among other valued items, his New York State driver's license.

The policeman held a flashlight to it. He glanced up with a quick hard grin. "Peter Storm, eh? Are you the guy who got into that jam in Reno?"

"Yes," the girl said promptly. "He's the guy."

"Drive down to where you see that green light."

"Just a moment," Miss Page said. "Won't you listen to any excuse?"

Peter looked at her thoughtfully. It was obvious that she was deliberately bungling things.

"I'm sorry, lady. I've heard them all."

"But, officer, look." When she paused, he played his flashlight in her face. "Don't you," she said with a coyness that Peter found peculiarly irritating, "extend the courtesies of the road to people who are—" She hesitated and shyly lowered her lashes—"who are eloping?"

The motor cop said heavily: "Are you eloping?"

She said softly, "Tell him all about us, dear."

"Yes," Peter said. "We're eloping. I'm afraid, in our excitement—you know how it is, officer—we weren't paying much attention to speed."

"I've heard that one until I'm sick of it," the officer said. "You just came through Las Vegas, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you get married there?"

"We thought," the girl said, "you had to file your intentions three days beforehand."

"Did you think so too, Mr. Storm?"

"That's just what I thought."

The motorcycle policeman jeered: "After what you pulled off in Reno, you thought that. There is something very phony about this. Turn around and follow me down to that green light. And don't try anything funny, Storm. I know you're a dangerous guy. Well, so am I."

He returned to his motorcycle. As Peter started to follow him, Sandra Page said: "Isn't this lovely? If it hadn't been for your rotten reputation, we could have talked our way out of it. I hope you're proud of your reputation."

"You're not being any more devious," Peter said pleasantly, "than a rattlesnake stalking a rabbit. You put on that act deliberately. Why did you want me to be hauled in?"

She cried: "Well, why not? You were going to kick me out in Kingman. Why should I cooperate? I hope they give you sixty days on the road gang."

Peter grinned. "This town has a tougher reputation than I have. You'd better save your eloquence, smarty."

"If it weren't for your reputation," she retorted, "we wouldn't still be in it, sourpuss."

He stopped the convertible at the curb before the green light. The motor cop took them into the police station. Behind a counter with a grilled window a man was working at a ledger. He was in his shirt-sleeves and he was smoking a pipe. He was a hawk-nosed man with tired brown eyes and a black mustache. He wore gold-rimmed glasses.

"Sergeant," the motorcycle policeman said, "I just picked up these people doing eighty through town."

"Forty," Sandra Page said firmly.

"I heard it," the man behind the desk said. "It sounded closer to eighty than forty to me."

"It was forty," the girl said stubbornly.

The sergeant took off his glasses and peered at Peter Storm, then at Sandra Page. He looked at her a long time.

"This guy," the officer said, with something like triumph in his voice, "is Peter Storm."

The sergeant put his pipe down. "The fellow who got into that trouble in Reno?"

"It must be nice," the girl said, "to be so celebrated you're recognized wherever you go." She smiled at the sergeant. "He was mixed up in the Pendleton murder case, too."

Peter looked at her thoughtfully. She was so clever. This delay might ruin everything. Was she making matters difficult for revenge or for a more practical purpose? She was smiling up at him. There were gleams in her dark blue eyes.

"I think," the sergeant said, "the judge ought to know about this." He reached for the telephone.

"Wait a minute," Peter said. "What's the usual fine for speeding here? Let me pay it. I'm really in a great hurry to get to Kingman."

"He wants to buy a dog," the girl said.

The sergeant lowered thick black brows and picked up the receiver. He called a number. He said a moment later, "Judge, Joe just picked up Peter Storm and a girl doing eighty through town."

The sergeant listened and said, "Yes, judge." He looked up. "He wants to know if you two are married."

"No," the girl said.

"I thought you said you were eloping," Joe drawled.

"That was just a gag," she said, and laughed.

Joe laughed, too. His teeth reminded Peter of a wolf's. The sergeant also laughed. He said: "Every other couple that we pick up says that. No," he said into the transmitter, "they aren't married, judge."

He hung up the receiver. "Judge Jeffers'll be right down." He picked up his pipe and relighted it. He considered Sandra Page for some time and said, "It don't pay to try to kid Judge Jeffers."

"Thanks," the girl said gayly. "Mr. Storm, you'll just have to control your sense of humor."

He took her firmly by the elbow and led her to a line of chairs backed against a wall. He sat her down and said, "All right, toots, you win. Stop throwing monkey wrenches, help me out of this, and I won't kick you out at Kingman."

She smiled at him, and her large blue eyes were glowing.

"I've changed my mind—toots," she mocked him. "I want to leave you at Kingman. I offered to help you. I offered to risk my life to help you. You wouldn't have me then, so you aren't having me now."

He glanced at his watch. Ten of the most precious minutes in his life had already gone since the motor cop had stopped them. Somewhere between here and Winslow, Medkin might even now be overtaking Ketzler. If he did, he'd get that formula.

He said, "I'll give you five thousand dollars if you'll help me out of this. I'll make it ten if you'll turn on all your charm and cleverness and get us out of here in anything less than ten minutes."

She gazed at him serenely. "That's bribery," she said. "I've a good mind to tell the judge about this." Then she began to laugh. With her face glowing, her dark blue eyes half-mooned, she laughed and laughed. The sergeant looked up from his ledger and peered at her over his glasses. He grinned and glanced at Joe who was lounging near the door smoking a hand-made brown cigarette. Joe leered.

"Here's the judge," Joe said.

Judge Jeffers was a thin, bony, irascible-looking man of fifty-five, with bristling gray hair and the clear hard eyes of a hawk. He came bustling in. His neck, which was long, red and wrinkled, reminded Peter of a turkey's.

He glanced at the girl, then at Peter. Peter got up. The judge stared at him and said in a hard, crackling voice: "You Peter Storm?"

Peter said quietly, "Yes, judge."

"Who's this girl?"

"I beg your pardon, your honor. Judge Jeffers, may I present Miss Sandra Page?"

His politeness did not appear to soften Judge Jeffers. He said harshly: "Relative of yours?"

She said promptly: "I should say not, your honor."

He looked at her inquiringly. "Are you engaged to this man?"

"Indeed not!" And she laughed briefly, as if the question had struck her as absurd.

"Come into my office."

Peter glanced at his watch. Simon Ketzler was now twenty-three or four minutes from here. About forty miles, at the rate he was traveling. Well beyond Kingman, roaring east.

(Continued on Next Page)

SELECTED FICTION

Peter Wonders Anew If His Mystery Bride Is Working with Medkin

(Continued from Preceding Page)

with Medkin just behind him, or overtaking him.

Judge Jeffers led the way into a small office furnished with worn and darkened golden oak. He turned on a bulb that hung over the desk. He said curtly: "Sit down, Miss Page."

He didn't invite Peter to sit down, and Peter was glad of it. There was a window open on the street. He was tempted to kick out the screen and make a dash for his car. But he knew that Judge Jeffers had merely to telephone to Kingman to have him stopped.

The judge was looking up at him with an expression of acute dislike. His eyes were shiny and hard and his mouth was thin.

"Was there any reasonable excuse for your driving through this town at eighty miles an hour?" he said.

The girl said promptly: "No, your honor." He didn't glance at her. He kept his eyes on Peter. He settled back a little in his desk chair.

"Storm," he said slowly, "I've heard an awful lot about you. You're the kind of man I especially despise. You've been mixed up in a murder and you've broken up a home. You've brawled in the streets. You're a perfect example of the young man with so much money that he thinks he can get away with anything. You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. You've been spoiled by over-indulgent parents. You're accustomed to being a privileged character. You're Peter Storm, the famous playboy. You're an important man, I suppose, on Broadway and Park Avenue."

He leaned forward a little farther. "But you're not on Park Avenue now, Storm. You're in a little frontier town called Sulphide, Arizona. Most newspaper readers never heard of it. But by tomorrow night they will, Mr. Storm!"

The venom in his voice, the malignant triumph in his eyes came as a surprise to Peter Storm. He had expected a judicial dressing down, the heaviest fine the law would allow; nothing so ominous as this.

"Jr.: a minute, please," he said.

Judge Jeffers pounded softly on his desk with one rigid finger. "Storm, you're the kind of man who's giving these Western States a bad reputation. You take advantage of our easy-going laws. The gambling and the free-and-easy ways of the divorcees in Nevada attract men like you. You're giving that State a bad name, but you and the wasters like you aren't going to do it to Arizona—not to Sulphide, Arizona, anyway."

He settled back, but his expression was no less pugnacious.

"The truth is, Storm," he went on in that hard, crackling voice, "this is just the case I've been waiting for. Young lady, are you a divorcee?"

"No, judge."

"Are you a resident of Nevada or Arizona?"

"No, judge."

"New York, too?"

"Yes, judge, but—"

He waved his hand. "All I wanted to know. In other words, Storm, you've driven out all the way from New York with a girl you aren't even engaged to."

"Oh, no." Peter said. "That isn't true."

"Isn't it?" the judge drawled. "I suppose it isn't true that you hired the lawyer to defend Carol Dunbar in that murder case."

Peter glanced at his watch. "I never denied it," he said.

"But you denied she was your mistress."

"I did, because it wasn't the truth."

"You hired the most successful criminal lawyer in New York to defend a red-handed murderess—"

Peter said soothingly, "She wasn't a murderess, Your Honor. She was acquitted, you'll remember."

"Why?" Judge Jeffers barked. "Because your lawyer was so smart he hung up the jury! Why did you hire him—out of the goodness of your heart?"

"I was sorry for the girl," Peter said. "I wanted to see her get a square deal. Now, about this matter tonight—"

"I see. And what happened in Reno a couple of days ago? You get mixed up with a married woman and when she runs off to Reno to get a divorce you follow her there and her husband objects and beats you up right in front of the courthouse."

"That's what the papers said," Peter interrupted. The trend this affair was taking was serious. The judge was righteous and malicious. Peter was thinking fast. Sandra was the solution, but Sandra would be of no help by her spiteful smile.

"I suppose," the judge said, "you went to Reno out of the goodness of your heart!"

"Her husband," Peter explained, "is a rat. She and I have been friends since we were children. I went to Reno to testify for her, and her husband got sore and picked the fight. He deserved what he got."

Judge Jeffers was shaking his head. "Storm, you're a bad egg. You're a notoriety-seeker and you're dangerous. You have no respect for decency. You're outside the law, in a very serious way. Not the written law, but the law of decency. If I can't punish you for your real crimes, I'll punish you for something else."

The judge glared at Peter Storm. "I'm going to hold you for speeding. In the morning, I'm going to phone the United States District Attorney, in Phoenix, and I'm going to press Mann Act charges against you, and I'm going to make them stick."

He stopped talking and looked at Peter expectantly. Peter said, "You can't do that."

"Can't I?" the judge cackled.

Sandra Page was gazing at Peter with a faint, mysterious smile. She turned her large blue eyes and said: "I'm so sorry about all this, your honor. I can go now, can't I?"

Judge Jeffers leaned forward and said indignantly: "What makes you think you can go now? You've been traveling with him, haven't you? You crossed State lines with him, didn't you? And you're not married to him!"

She clasped her cheek with her hands. She stared at him wildly. She gasped. "Why—why—"

"I am holding you, young woman, on immorality charges."

She started to rise. She sank back again, as if she were suddenly faint. Her face was luminously white. Her eyes were blurred with shock. She panted: "But you can't do that! I only met this—this man this evening!"

"Is that so?" the judge said heavily. "You've both come from New York City, according to the look of things. You've apparently driven out here all the way together, crossing all the State lines."

"That isn't true!" she wailed. "I came to Las Vegas by plane. This evening. I can prove it!"

He gazed at her a moment, then picked up a pen and pulled a lined yellow pad toward him. "All right," he said, "we'll check up."

She cried in panic: "Oh, no!"

Judge Jeffers seemed to be enjoying her distress. He was faintly smiling. "Why not?"

"My—my father's a minister!"

"Oh," he said, "so your father's a minister. Where?"

She hesitated, staring at him with trembling lips and moist eyes. "Cohasset, New York." She said rapidly, with tremulous pleading. "It's a tiny little place. Everybody adores him. It would utterly shatter him."

Judge Jeffers scrawled something on the pad. She wailed: "You're not going to wire him?"

Muscles hardened along the ridge of Judge Jeffers' jaw. "It's time," he said grimly, "he learned about the kind of things you're up to. Maybe it isn't too late to save you."

She fluttered her hands with hopelessness and desperation. "But don't you see? It would ruin his life! Why should he be punished for what I do?"

Judge Jeffers settled back in his chair again. There was a relentless look about him.

"You should have thought about that before you started traveling around with this man. And you should have thought of this man's reputation before you started crossing State lines with him. You knew what his reputation was, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"You knew how scandalous his reputation was." the judge went on remorselessly. "In the eyes of the law, Miss Page, and in the eyes of decent-thinking people, you are not an innocent woman. You are over twenty-one, aren't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"And you knew how scandalous his reputation was. No decent woman goes driving wildly about the country at this hour of the night with a man like Peter Storm."

"Just a minute—" Peter began.

"There is nothing," Judge Jeffers said firmly, "you can say to influence me."

The sergeant came to the doorway and said: "Excuse me, judge. That Mexican we locked up this afternoon says he's awful sick. Do you want to take a look at him?"

The judge said, "Yes. Keep an eye on this pair. We're holding them both."

Judge Jeffers went bustling out. The sergeant lounged in the doorway, puffing at his pipe. He looked at Peter, who was frowning and thoughtful, and shrugged. He looked at the girl, pale and frightened, and sighed.

"You're a mighty nice-lookin' couple to get into all this trouble."

The girl looked up at him miserably.

"The judge," the sergeant went on, "is a just man, but sometimes he's a pretty hard man, and he's got prejudices. I'll tell you one thing—he ain't bluffing. Now you," he said to Sandra Page, "it ain't you he's gunning for. It's Storm. And if you're going to try to wiggle out of this, there's several things you want to take into account. One's his son. His son's a wild one, too. He's in Hollywood, in pictures, and they haven't spoken for four years. He can't get anywhere with immorality charges against you. He just wants to throw a scare into you. He'll hold you as a material witness."

The girl was staring up at him, wet-eyed, as if she were not hearing a word he said.

"You know how the Mann Act is," the sergeant said.

"It's for criminals," the girl blurted. "We aren't criminals."

"It's broken ten thousand times a day," the sergeant said, "and it don't amount to anything unless somebody wants to get mean and press it. That's what he aims to do—and don't think he won't. You can't buy him off and you can't talk him out of it. You two folks are stuck unless you figure out something pretty quick."

"But what can we do?" the girl cried. "He's absolutely heartless!"

The sergeant glanced back over his shoulder and said, in a lower voice: "I'll tip you off to something else. The judge is the biggest booster Sulphide has. He's sore because we've been left off some of the new road maps. He's crazy about publicity. Maybe he's just making goats out of you two to get some publicity for Sulphide, maybe not. But it's something for you to think about, and a couple of clever-looking people like you should be able to figure out something."

Sandra Page was bending forward with her elbow on her knees, and looking up at him disconsolately.

"For instance?" Peter said.

"Well, why didn't you stick to your story that you were on your way to Kingman to get married? You're a mighty nice-looking couple and you'd look nice standing up together."

"It's too late for that," Peter said.

"If it was true, it wouldn't be," the sergeant argued. "It's the only way you two'll get out. I know. I know the judge. All he wants is something to happen that will get Sulphide on the front pages."

"But it isn't true," the girl said.

The sergeant nodded. "Yes, ma'am," he drawled. "But it might be."

Peter walked slowly toward him. His green eyes were bright and very alert. "Buddy," he said, "you've given me an idea."

Miss Page glanced up at him quickly.

"If you two," the sergeant said, pausing to puff three times at his gurgling pipe, "were to let the judge marry you—"

"Yes," Peter said.

The girl looked at him incredulously. "You don't mean that seriously!" she said huskily. "You don't mean that you seriously mean to ask that man to—"

"Exactly," Peter said. "I don't enjoy the prospect of the publicity we'll get if he presses these charges any more than you do. Unfortunately, it just happens I've been represented in the news as a notorious character."

He saw that she was trembling. Her fists were clenched at her sides. Her chin was up.

"So," she said, "simply because of your reeking reputation, I'm to be dragged over all the front pages, and my father will be shamed out of his church and out of Cohasset."

"I have a swell mother," Peter said, "who lives in Boston. She won't like it any better than your father will. You should have thought of this, Miss Page, when you were thinking up such clever things to say to that cop."

She cried: "Don't you dare blame it on me! It's your terrible reputation and nothing else! I'm nothing but the innocent victim."

"It seems to me," the sergeant said, puffing at his pipe, "you were pretty sassy when Joe brought you in here."

She whirled on him. "And why not? We were brought in here because of this man's rotten reputation. And I'm going to be smeared all over the front pages because of it!"

"And meanwhile," Peter said quietly, "the man we wanted to see about the dog is getting farther and farther away."

She stared at him wildly. "But I'm in love with another man. I'm practically engaged to him. This would ruin everything!"

"If you two were to let Judge Jeffers marry you," the sergeant pointed out, "it would save your reputation. You could get a divorce right away, and marry this other fellow."

She stared at him, then she turned and stared at Peter. Her chin and her mouth were trembling. Her eyes were full of tears. He felt terribly sorry for her. No matter how unscrupulous she was, no matter how hypocritical, no matter how ruthless, she was certainly in a desperate position now. Her eyes were two blue blurs of woe.

She said to the sergeant: "Will you leave us alone a moment?"

He said, "Why, sure! But you'd better think fast, young lady. He'll be back any moment now." He went out, pulling the door shut after him.

CHAPTER VI.

SANDRA walked slowly toward Peter with her fists on her hips. She looked at him and said: "You think this is terribly funny, don't you?"

"No," he said, "I think it's very tragic."

"No, you don't. You think it's a perfect panic. You haven't anything to lose. You haven't a reputation. You kicked it overboard long ago. But I have. I'm a decent person. I'm in love with a decent man, and it happens that he's horribly jealous. If I don't marry you, my reputation will be ruined. And if I do, I'll lose the man I'm in love with."

"I know," Peter said, "and I'm terribly sorry."

"What good does being sorry do?" she cried. "Why weren't you sorry years ago before you started being what you are?"

He said gently: "There isn't a thing about those stories—the Pendleton murder and this Reno mess—that's any truer than the interpretation will be of what happened here tonight."

She stared at him a moment longer, with her lower lip thrust out. Then all the fight seemed to go out of her. Her eyes filled with fresh tears and her lower lip trembled and she suddenly caught it between her teeth.

"Let me try to think," she whimpered. "Stop talking."

She turned and walked slowly to the window with her hand to her throat. She looked out of the window for perhaps twenty seconds. She suddenly turned. Her eyes were clear. Her mouth was firm again. She was pale and she looked composed.

The door opened. Judge Jeffers came bustling in.

The girl said with decision, "All right, Mr. Storm. I'll do it."

Peter, who had known that she really had no choice, walked toward the judge with his hand outstretched. He said quietly, "Judge Jeffers, you've done me the greatest favor anybody has ever done for me in my life."

Judge Jeffers backed away a step. He looked down at Peter's hand, then at his face. He looked suspicious and startled. He was so startled that when Peter took another step, reached for his hand, grasped it and warmly shook it, he did not protest.

Smiling, Peter said: "You see, judge, Miss Page promised two months ago to marry me. She flew out to Las Vegas to join me. She's wanted to reform me, to put me on my feet and pull me together and keep me out of these messes."

The judge darted a suspicious glance at Sandra Page. He returned his cold, hawk-like eyes to Peter's lean brown face.

"But when she heard about this Reno trouble," Peter said, "it was too much even for her. We quarreled, and she said she wouldn't marry me if I were the last man on earth. So I agreed to drive her to Needles to catch the express—it makes a service stop there at a little after two o'clock."

"Why didn't you go by way of Searchlight?" the judge interrupted.

"I heard the road was bad. So I told her I'd drive her to Needles to catch that train, and I started out for Kingman hoping by the time we got there, I'd have persuaded her to change her mind."

He shook Judge Jeffers' hand vigorously again. "Now, you've done the trick! You've done everything I failed to do. You've made her see she's got to marry me to keep me out of trouble."

The judge still looked as if he were amazed and skeptical. Peter glanced at Sandra Page. She smiled a sickly, demure smile. He went over to her and took her in his arms. He smiled over her head at Judge Jeffers.

"You see now, judge, why I'm so grateful. I'd be lost without her. I don't know what I'd do if she didn't stand by me."

He felt her tremble with repugnance at his touch. He bent down and kissed her hair above her left ear and whispered: "Speak up, you dope!"

She smiled sweetly at the judge and said: "Don't you think it would be sweet if you married us instead of arresting us?"

The judge said, "Why, this sort of catches me by surprise. Do you really mean that? Do you two really want to get married?"

Peter tightened his arms a little and Sandra Page said: "More than anything in the world."

He contemplated them a moment longer, then said, with decision: "All right! I'll marry you."

Peter removed his arms from the trembling girl. He glanced at his watch. Fifty minutes had elapsed since Joe had stopped them.

"Have you got a ring?"

"No, judge."

"Well, Mrs. Scott, the town clerk, runs a little jewelry store. We'll get her out of bed for the license and ring. I'll get my wife, too, Sergeant!"

"Yes, judge?"

"These people are getting married!"

The sergeant took his pipe out of his mouth. "Well, that's fine, judge. They certainly are a fine-looking couple."

"Call up Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Jeffers and tell them to come right down here."

Judge Jeffers was smiling now. His face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling. He seemed to have undergone a complete reversal of character.

He seized Peter's hand unexpectedly and shook it and said: "Storm, I want to congratulate you. Maybe the newspapers have been a little bit hard on you. Whether they have or not, I don't know, but I do know something about human nature. And I have an idea this young lady is going to steer you right."

He laughed. "Miss Page," he said, "any time your husband doesn't toe the straight and narrow, just let me know and I'll issue a bench warrant and we'll straighten him out mighty fast. You want Sergeant Murphy for your best man, Storm?"

"I'd be delighted."

"Miss Page, would you like my wife for your matron of honor?"

"I'd love it," she said.

"You might ask Joe to give you away," Peter suggested.

"That would be very appropriate," she said demurely.

The judge beamed. "Well, that's dandy. Now, let me tell you what I've decided to do about the newspapers. This story can't be kept bottled up. I'm going to call up Kingman right after the ceremony, and see that the papers get the story right. I'll tell them you two drove here especially to get married. You wanted to be married in Sulphide, Arizona

(Continued on Page 14)

As Judge Jeffers Finished Saying to Peter and Sandra: "I Pronounce You Man and Wife," Peter Took His Pale and Trembling Bride in His Arms and Kissed Her.

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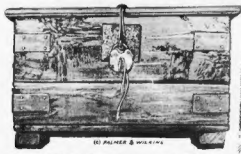
On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—and Here Are Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before

A Map Supposed to Have Been Drawn by the Notorious Pirate, Captain Kidd, of the Unknown South Sea Island Which Explorer Harold T. Wilkins Proposes to Seek Out This Spring and Where He Hopes to Unearth a Great Treasure, the Location of Which Is Indicated by Three Other Maps Which He Has Found.



One of the Old Sea Chests Supposed to Have Belonged to Captain Kidd, Discovered by Explorer Wilkins and His Partner, Mr. Hubert Palmer, and in the False Bottom of Which They Discovered, Hidden for Centuries, One of the Maps Which Point to the Location of the Hidden Treasure.

Reproduction of a Seventeenth Century Print.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY begins today a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world famous authority upon this subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins actually located and had his hands upon the treasure of the notorious pirate, Captain Flood, when the weirdest of accidents snatched the booty from him. He has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasure of the best known of all American pirates, Captain William Kidd. His discovery of the charts that will guide him to this unknown South Seas isle is told in his first chapter.

He brings to life again in these pages the whole saga of the wicked and cruel but nevertheless highly romantic fleet of the "Gentlemen Adventurers," who raked the seas for jewels and gold and women during the 17th, 18th and early 19th centuries.

My name was Captain Kidd, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My name was Captain Kidd, when I sailed,
My name was Captain Kidd,
God's laws I did Forbid,
And so Wickedly I did, when I sailed.

My Parents taught me well, when I sailed, when I sailed,
My parents taught me well, when I sailed,
My parents taught me well,
To shun the Gates of Hell,
But 'gainst them I Rebelled, when I sailed.

To Execution Dock I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock I must go,
To Execution Dock,
Will nothing Thousands Flock,
But I must bear the Shock, and must Die.

Come all ye Young and Old, see me Die, see me Die,
Come all ye Young and Old, see me Die,
Come all ye Young and Old,
You're Welcome to my Gold,
For by it I've Lost my Soul, and must Die.
—*From the Old Ballad of Captain Kidd.*

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

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I'M OFF again on a treasure hunt. Not my first! I've followed the "treasure gleam" over every ocean in the world in almost every country.

The jeweled chalices of terrified monks fleeing persecution and the booty of bloody handed old buccaneers who have snatched the loveliest jewels ever seen from shrinking captives, and flaunted them on their own hairy tattooed chests.

Moidores, doubloons, pieces-of-eight, pieces of eight, ingots and bar gold: they aren't romantic pictures to me, they're real coins, real lumps of yellow gold that are awaiting my arrival. They are hidden on a mysterious island in a desolate sea waiting for me to come and to get them and to free for eternity the spirit of the man who concealed them, Captain Kidd, most famous, but far from worst, of American Companions of the Jolly Roger—the Skull and Crossbones flag.

The story begins in the month of May, 1701. Captain Kidd, bushy wig askew on his head, his blue coat with the silver Georgian dragon buttons hugged to his throat, crouched in his cell waiting the morrow and his boat with its Admiralty marshall and silver oar for his last voyage—to execution dock. Only the day before the famous court painter, Sir James Thornhill, creator of the frescoes below the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, had left the condemned hole of Newgate Prison where he had made a sketch of Kidd from which later he painted a remarkable portrait in oils.

Kidd squinted through the darkness as the mighty door creaked. Someone else come to feast his morbid eyes on a man about to die, he thought. But Morgan, the jailer, ducked his head around the door staring inquisitively.

"Visitor for ye, Cap'n," he announced.

A square-shouldered, brown-faced man ambled in with the rolling gait of a sailorman. He grinned sympathetically and touched his tarry forelock.

"Avast, bosun," roared Kidd. "I'm in no ease to hear thy puling. Sithee, I've sent off a letter to the speaker of the House of Commons, and offered to pilot a King's ship to a treasure worth a hundred thousand pounds. They'll ha' none of it."

"Hun'erd thousand pounds," muttered the bosun reverently.

"Aye. But I hang tomorrow, His Majesty, who called himself my friend, and the great man who articled me for the Adventure Galley have abandoned me to Jack Ketch. Ye're my only friend, Ned Ward, and I'm leaving ye my sea chest."

Ward bared blackened teeth, tugging the outlandish gold earring hanging from his left lobe, his sunwrinkled eyes gleamed, but he caught Kidd's eye.

"Bosun," nodded the condemned man, "ye're a bloody buccaneer and maybe worse, but mark me and mark me well. On the word of a man who feels the halter around his neck, if ye broach that chest—if any man but the rightful one opens that chest after I'm dead and gone, I'll haunt him and his to the end of his days—and beyond."

Outside the door crouched Morgan the jailer, his villainous poek-marked face strained to catch the mumbled words that followed. He ducked back as the door opened and Ward, the chest over one mighty shoulder, strode out.

For two hundred and thirty-one years that chest lay forgotten.

In 1932 Mr. Hubert Palmer, well known antiquarian and collector, was reading an auctioneer's catalog. His eyes brightened at the photograph of a chest:—

"Of oak 26½ inches long by 13 inches wide and 16 inches deep with false bottom. Left by Captain William Kidd to his boatswain Ned Ward with a threat that Kidd would haunt him if he ever broke open the chest after Kidd was dead and gone. The chest was sold to Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy of the famous worship Victory by the great grandson of Ward. This chest is the property of Miss Pamela Hardy, great niece of T. Masterman Hardy. It was bequeathed to her by her father John Hardy, brother of the said Captain T. M. Hardy. On the lid is a black flag with silver skull and cross-bones, carved with the date 1699. In it is a cutlass also carved. Under the black flag are deeply carved:

"Captain Kidd, His Chest"

The chest contained a late seventeenth century dagger, a Spanish knife, two clay pipes and a printed sermon marked:

"Made 29 1662, the Anniversary of His Majesties Return, by Daniel Cudmore, Minister of Tiverton Devon (London 1662)."

Mr. Palmer lost no time in acquiring the relic, took it to his home in the south of England (where in his private museum may be seen the most complete collection of pirate material in the world) and placed the chest on his table for inspection.

False bottom, eh? Carefully he searched the weathered timbers, adzed and joined until the chest was almost water-tight. He went over every inch of the coffer until at last, practiced in the construction of such receptacles, he came upon two nails telescoped like a modern cartridge case in the ornamental binding. Cautiously he withdrew them, and after a few shrewd taps with a hammer the false bottom slid out.

The space beneath was empty.

Disappointed, he was about to replace the shelf when he noticed a square of vellum fastened to the under side of it. It was brown, mottled and brittle, but on it was drawn in black and red ink, faded but still legible, a well drawn chart of an island, of coral formation on one side, with hills in the middle bearing marked crosses indicated caches of some kind. There was no clue as to the identity of the island, nor the sea in which it slept, no latitude, longitude, nor explanation as to the meaning of the little crosses. Below the map were the letters:

"W. K. 1669"

No less a person than Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, famous war-time secret service officer, begged Mr. Palmer to hand the map over to the admiralty, but the collector refused. Kidd had been executed as a felon, with forfeiture of his goods part of his sentence. Besides, even the admiralty could not have found that island without its position having been marked.

For months Mr. Palmer and I pondered over the chart. We realized that it was only part of the direction required to find a hidden treasure. We checked wherever possible and every expert assured us of the authenticity of the chest. The next step then was to find another chart, or further directions to complete the find.

Then came a second discovery. A lady, descended from the Hoods, famous sailors in piratical waters, decided to part with a number of family heirlooms. Among them was a William and Mary bureau.

Mr. Palmer acquired this piece for his collection. He tapped, measured, and sounded it for secret panels or drawers, but without success. One day while closing it he attempted to push home the two runners supporting the desk. Suddenly he stopped. There seemed to be a writing on one of them. He took a magnifying glass and managed to decipher the letters—

Captain William Kidd, Adventure Galley—1669. Examining the runner more closely he noticed that one end of it was daubed with hard gray wax. Piercing it with a knitting needle he found the runner to be hollow. Delicately he probed until he was able to extract a small piece of parchment, hard and wrinkled, in appearance like a piece of modern brown wrapping paper. When flattened out it was to be part of a legal document bearing the phrase

Of Me, Sarah W...

(The reader is reminded that Captain Kidd's wife's maiden name was Sarah.)

On the obverse of this is the outline in red and black ink of the very island whose chart was found hidden in the Hardy chest. The island is in skeleton outline only and below the tracing are the letters.

W. K. 1669

Searching further, Palmer found another clue toward the identification of the mysterious island. Scratched on the faded parchment was the name of a lonely sea in the north Pacific. Given the British Admiralty have but an imperfect knowledge of this space of desolate waters cut up by uninhabited atolls and bird-haunted archipelagos.

Again there was not enough evidence to justify a search. But the spirit of Kidd was working gradually toward its rest.

In the Autumn of 1932 an old windjammer captain, tired of the southeast resort where he lived, decided to sell all his goods and with the proceeds move to the ancient seaport of Bristol.

He collected a load of varied curios, packed up in God knows what out-of-the-way beaches, and took them to an antique dealer. Among them was a chest. It contained a magnificent carved skull resting on the marble replica of a Bible. In the lid of the chest was a looking-glass sliding in a beaded groove with behind it *a copy of the chart found in the chest owned by the Hardy family.*

In due time Mr. Palmer, who is well known all over England as a collector of piratical relics, met old Captain Dan Morgan. Palmer bought the chest and a sword carved on the hilt with three lion masks, and inscribed on the ivory grip:

Wm. Kidd, Captain, Bristol 1697

About this sword Captain Morgan signed the following attestation: "It was given up or stolen from Captain Kidd, and if stolen the thief was one of my precious ancestors, who was a jailer at the prison which held Captain Kidd before his trial. It has always been in our family. It was given to me by my father who was killed in India about 1890."

Carefully we spread out the third chart, comparing it with the others. It supplied details about the caches in the mysterious island which were lacking in the Hardy and Hood charts. We searched with glasses, light, and heat to find more information, but the three ancient parchments seemed to grin at us like their ghostly designer might have done from his chair on execution dock.

"Well, I reckon there's a fourth chart," said Palmer. "God knows where it is. We still don't know the name of the island, its latitude and longitude, so it's useless."

Then the fourth chapter broke like a devil come to prayer. In February, 1933, Palmer wrote me that a chest had turned up, which bore a shield on its lid with the words

"Sarah and William Kidd, their chest."

It had old brass hinges, a brass acorn knob handle and was banded before and behind.

I hurried down to Palmer's museum, and together we examined the find. As in the case of the Hardy chest telescope nails had to be drawn out of the beading around the bottom. A false bottom was revealed with a musty piece of mottled vellum stuck to its under side. It bore another drawing identical with those in the other chest, even to the signature:

W.K. 1669

Wrecks were marked around the shores of the island, caravels, Spanish galleons, brigs, pinks and snows, and in faded but clear black ink, around three of the margins runs the legend about a "tryangle," stakes in a lake, feet to step out, bearings on rocks and a reference to an eerie Death Valley, which must be entered and traversed by the treasure seeker. Also, and most important of all, the chart bore the latitude and longitude of the strange island. There was no name, but this was not important since the strange island probably had none when it was discovered by the seventeenth century buccaneer of the North Pacific.

Well, we had all the directions we needed; but there was another problem. In the seventh century, long before the invention of the chronometer, determination of latitude was by dead reckoning or perhaps the primitive cross shaft. Therefore, the position would be probably wildly inaccurate. I studied more than 800 maps, many of them in seventeenth and eighteenth century manuscript. No chart that I could find showed an island even remotely resembling the shape of Kidd's mystery island. Again we were stymied. But again an odd chance, or perhaps the shade of old Kidd, took a hand in the business.

I met an old British Navy captain, one who had had a remarkable life of adventure in eastern waters. I told him my problem and showed him one of the charts.

"I believe I know that island," he said. "It was discovered by an early European navigator, who gave it his name. *I've seen that island.*"

Eagerly I pressed the old gentleman for more.

"While Kidd Sat, Carefully Counting Every Item of His Treasure and Setting It Down—Not Alone in His Gun Rook But in the Check-up Book of a Trusted Mate—His Load of Gold and Jewels Was Buried in a Chosen Spot on the Unknown Island."

One of the Most Dreadful of Pirate Customs, "Walking the Plank." The Victim Was Usually Blindfolded and Forced to March to the End of the Board, Although, of Course, He Frequently Fell Over the Side. A Pirate, Armed With an Ax, Sat in a Boat Tied to the Stern, Ready to Administer the Death Stroke to Any Unfortunate Who Arose From the Sea.

Wicked Captain Kidd Buries the Bible His Father Gave Him.
(From an Old Print.)

The Verse in the Famous Old Ballad Describing This Rune—

"I'd a Bible in my Hand, when I Sailed, when I Sailed,
I'd a Bible in my Hand when I Sailed,
I'd a Bible in my Hand,
By my Father's Great Command,
And Sunk it in the Sand, when I Sailed."

"In 1896," he told me, "I was returning from a cruise in which we had been watching for black birders, and in one eastern port I dropped into a dirty old bodega near the wharves. It was filled with a fine old crew of gun runners, pearl poachers and the like, and in fact the mob would have made a choice pirate crew themselves. Sometime during the night one of them piped up an old chanty, one line of which said something about 'Kidd's Angels eyeless and hairless, keeping watch in the death valley of some island or another.'"

The old sea dog's eyes began to twinkle.

"Tell you what," he said. "You find the money, and I'll navigate you right up to that island—coral reefs and all. We passed the place one evening. I even logged it. So far as my memory goes, there is deep water all around as soon as you get inside the reefs. Must be forty years or more since I saw it, and still it's not on the charts."

Hastily we conferred, the retired naval captain, the collector of those ancient relics, and the writer of this article, with the result that within a few months the bows of a swift motor-driven yacht will be furrowing the waters of a blue-green sea, uneasily rolling, never quiet for long, till they break on the coral reefs of a little island with a lagoon on its northern side. We shall be in a region of which the admiral's sailing directions give clear warning:

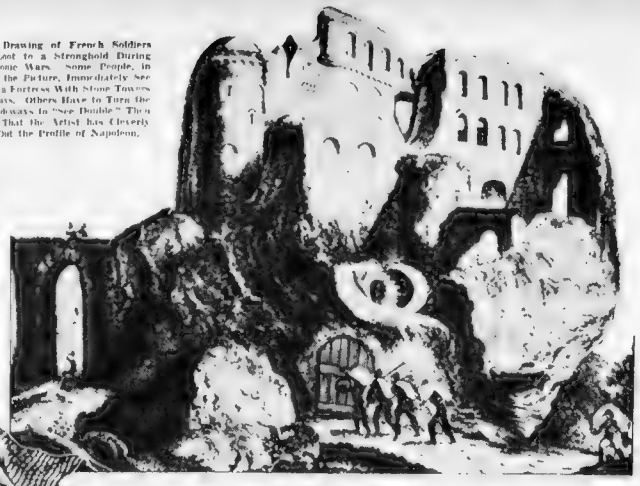
"Coral grounds . . no holding for anchors . . better give a wide berth to these regions, even in calm weather."

The treasure may consist of Acapulco galleon loot, though the island is remote from the course described by Signor Cabrera Buenas, the old Piloto of Seville. Kidd does not say what it is, nor do we know that Kidd ever set foot on the island. He may have acquired the key chart from some dying buccaneer in Madagascar or Bombay. In 1669 Kidd was perhaps a respectable seafaring man. As early as 1690 he was captain of a ship out of Leith for Bombay. Certainly he took a deal of trouble to conceal his secrets.

Recently I have received a letter from Mr. Palmer: "I am dogged by Kidd and his relics," he writes. "Seems to me even now that Captain

(Continued on Page 13)

Pictures That Make You See DOUBLE



This Is a Drawing of French Soldiers Carrying Loot to a Stronghold During the Napoleonic Wars. Some People, in Looking at the Picture, Immediately See More Than a Fortress With Stone Towers and Stairways. Others Have to Turn the Drawing Sideways to "See Double." Then They Find That the Artist has Cleverly Worked Out the Profile of Napoleon.

Turn the Page Upside-down and This Bearded Old Codger in a Nightcap Is Neatly Transformed Into a Jackass.

the face of a [illegible] scene by the [illegible] at this picture and presently [illegible] bear as well as a rather plea[illegible] cap on his head. When the picture [illegible] and the bear pops out. [illegible]

Mr. Lundeen [illegible] unique people. He [illegible] cal cartoons were the [illegible]

This Two-in-One Picture Is Even Trickier Than the Fortress That Is Also Napoleon. Turn This Upside-down and You Will Find That The Man Also Is a Bear With a Ring in Its Nose.

RIGHT now the good people of Sweden are wondering if their peace-loving country will be sucked into the maelstrom of war. But with all their trepidation their sense of humor is interesting them in a collection of pictures be[illegible] gathered by Sven Lundeen the well-known Swedish photographer and designer. Three of the pictures are reproduced on this page.

To [illegible] work of art are all examples of what the French call "double [illegible] double meaning, in [illegible]. Looked at in one way the pictures are one thing. Turn the page down or on their sides the illustrations are something else again.

One of the best of the [illegible] shows a drawing of a squad of the soldiers of Napoleon putting some of the loot they have captured into a [illegible]. At first glance the picture seems to be just that but when it is turned on its side, the famous profile of the outlaw who almost conquered the world looks out, the early 1800's [illegible].

Another of the pictures shows

"High Hat" in the Movies

(Continued from Page 5)

in the world competing for the part as fulfilling most closely the physical description of the character in the book.

The tests of Mrs. Whitney turned out magnificently well. Besides, she is as fine a sportswoman, her horsemanship and golf are almost legendary and there is still a chance she may make a series of short subjects demonstrating her special talents.

There has always been a prejudice against the society playboy and playgirl on the ground that they are [illegible].

Why expect a young person used to sitting up all night at a night club and then sleeping it off till noon to endure the strain of making a picture? Yet that is what they do, apparently being bored with the dreary pursuit of pleasure, these butterflies settle down to the [illegible] ground with a will and a thrill.

There's plenty of social power in the [illegible]. Besides the Whitney million. Jock Whitney has got the "Housing Authority" [illegible] at Paramount. Edward Bowles of New York, [illegible] of Detroit is [illegible] at Columbia. Preston Sturges, Howard Hughes, practically per[illegible] at Paramount. Both are almost legendary and there is still a chance she may make a series of short subjects demonstrating her special talents.

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There have always been members of the upper crust in films but they were always resented whereas they aren't today. Dolores Del Rio is from one of Mexico's first families. Her late husband Jaime Del Rio was a Spanish grandee who presented her at the Spanish Court to the Queen. Mrs. Gary Cooper, the former Veronica Balfe of New York and California has a brief [illegible] Cooper before her [illegible] as Sandra Shaw. The Earl of Warwick scored in the Ralph Bellamy "Drummond" series but [illegible] received him home [illegible]. Colbert always [illegible] of the head of the Morgan-Harjes Bank of Paris. John Hodge of Pasadena is Hodge of Boston [illegible] to send. The Hodge [illegible] only to Yale. Douglas Montgomery gave up an estate in the Pasadena foothills and a directorship of the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse when he heard the call of Hollywood.

Charlie Chaplin is about the only man in Hollywood who has always been willing to give a rich boy a chance. Charlie's assistant for years and he must have been good was Harry Crocker scion of one of the greatest and richest California families.

So fast is Hollywood progressing toward reality that there are rumors of a newspaper picture in which the star reporter will not appear drunk all the time.

Twin Stars—Our Sky's Fantastic Mysteries

(Continued from Page 3)

[illegible] Epsilon Auriga, fifth brightest star in the Charioteer constellation.

This huge star is about 3,000 times as big as our sun, so big in fact that if its center were placed at the hub of the solar system the gaseous star would swallow up all of the planets except Uranus, Neptune and Pluto.

Yet for all its bigness, this star is invisible to the human eye. It is a cold star, having a temperature of only 1,500 degrees compared to our sun's 6,000 degrees. Nor does this star shine with any light of its own. It merely reflects a small part of the light from its bright companion.

Scientists [illegible] 1,820 years ago discovered that Epsilon Auriga didn't always shine with the same brilliance. Once every twenty-seven years its light temporarily was cut in half.

A hundred years ago that was a puzzle, but now astronomers know that the ghost companion of Epsilon Auriga is to blame. It passes in front of Epsilon Auriga once in twenty-seven years. The only reason there is not a complete black-out of the bright star is that the huge ghost is composed of a very rare gas which lets about half the light shine through.

Many other star twins, even triplets and sextuplets exist in the vast space of the universe.

Most brilliant of all stars, as seen from the earth, is Sirius the "Dog Star," which is not one but [illegible].

The Pole Star is not a single star either but a set of triplet

Fortunately all three are well behaved. Should they suddenly decide to part company each starting out on a separate journey through space—travelers on the high seas and explorers of uncharted lands might be hard pressed to decide which third of the formerly trustworthy North Star to follow.

The why and wherefore of star pairs, triplets and sextuplets traveling together through distant space is not known. One theory is that star twins like [illegible], were born at the [illegible] perhaps even joined to [illegible] and gradually separated.

But however they were formed, these universal companions of the skies all have their own peculiarities and according to the Biblical quotation, "one star differeth from another in its glory."

Do your hands suggest jewels to some man?

You can have the kind of hands that say jewels to him.

Yes, even though you do use them for some active form of work. Today thousands of women are keeping their hands smooth, soft, youthfully feminine by using Danya, the wonderful new-type hand lotion.

Danya is based on an absolutely new formula. Many women are sold on it after *one trial*—because they find Danya works so quickly and effectively. No drying alcohol or glycerine in Danya. Instead, a special formula for helping to give your skin greater softness and suppleness.

Get a bottle of Danya today. Or send for a Vanity-size bottle *free*. Pond's, Clinton, Connecticut, makers of Pond's Creams.

NEW NEW NEW! SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMY NOT STICKY NOT DRYING

DANYA

Free

a chance to try Danya, Pond's marvelous new-type hand lotion

Pond's Dept. 150-DD, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me free Vanity size bottle of Danya Pond's new-type hand lotion.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada: Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.) (Expires March 1, 1940)

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POOR MARY!—TOO BAD TOM DIDN'T KEEP HIS INSURANCE UP!
THREE IMPORTANT REASONS FOR KEEPING LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES IN FORCE EXPLAINED BY PRUDENTIAL AGENT, C. L. ADAMS
Terre Haute, Ind.
AND I HEARD TOO THAT TOM'S LAST ILLNESS HAS ABSORBED UP ALL HIS SAVINGS. LEFT MARY WITH HARDLY A DOLLAR!
THAT'S THE REAL TRAGEDY OF LETTING YOUR LIFE INSURANCE LAPSE, MR. BLAKE. IT MAY LEAVE YOUR FAMILY HELPLESS ...WITHOUT PROTECTION
AND, ASIDE FROM THE LOSS OF PROTECTION, THERE ARE TWO OTHER IMPORTANT REASONS FOR DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO KEEP YOUR LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. ADAMS?
FIRST, THAT YOU MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO GET INSURANCE AGAIN. YOU MAY FALL ILL, GET INJURED...SOMETHING CAN HAPPEN THAT WILL MAKE YOU UNINSURABLE
I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
EVEN IF YOU CAN GET LIFE INSURANCE AGAIN, THE PREMIUM WOULD PROBABLY BE HIGHER. YOU SEE, AS YOU GET OLDER, LIFE INSURANCE RATES GO UP
NOW I CAN SEE WHY IT CERTAINLY PAYS TO KEEP YOUR INSURANCE IN FORCE IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN
THE PRUDENTIAL MAILBAG
"I am especially grateful to Tom's prudence for his foresight and promptness in taking care of claim papers and all other details for me, and also for his permanent insurance. Years ago in seeing that my husband was insured.
"Not long after that, my husband underwent an operation, making it impossible for him to buy life insurance later on. If he had been uninsured at the time of his death, I would not have had the financial protection which enabled me to pay all expenses in cash."
Sincerely yours, Mrs. E. M., Danville, Ill.
THE Prudential
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE NEWARK, N. J.
TUNE IN "WHEN A GIRL MARRIES"—COLUMBIA NETWORK
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

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On the Trail of Pirate Treasure

(Continued from Double Page)

Kidd is at work trying to get us started hunting up the caches on that island. Did I ever tell you of the queer thing that happened to Miss Hardy over the chest when she was a girl (You know she died in Spain a few years ago, over ninety years of age)? One day in 1870 two rough-looking seamen called on her. Said one of them gruffly

"Ma'am, I hear you've got a chest with a chart of Kidd's. Will you sell it to us"

She knew nothing of the chart and was frightened half to death. Somehow she got rid of the sailors and they went off muttering threats. How did they know she had a chest and a chart? She lived far from any seaport, and as a lady of the upper social rank, was hardly likely to contact seamen and foremast hands."

Recently Palmer acquired Kidd's Bible, the very Bible he buried on the fore shore in Plymouth Sound before he embarked on the fateful voyage of the Adventure Galley. "His divine precepts being so at variance with his wicked course of life that he did not choose to keep a book that condemned him in his lawless career."

In the whole bloodstained history of piracy there is no name that has so taken the world's imagination as that of Captain William Kidd

KIDD was born at Greenock in Scotland in the year 1645, the son of the Reverend John Kidd

In the year 1670 Kidd first went to sea from Leith, the port of Edinburgh or, as one tradition has it, in a Glasgow ship bound for the West Indies. In 1673 he was impressed as a seaman and forced to serve aboard the flagship of Sir Edward Spragge in the wars between the Hollanders and the English. It is between the years 1665 to 1677 that nothing of his life is known or at least nothing can be found in documents or law reports

Kidd must have been about 20 years old beginning this "dark period" of his life. In or around 1669 he met some bloody buccaneer on the south shore of Nova Scotia, who, as I think, died rather suddenly and violently lingering just long enough to pass over a sea-stained chart on oil vellum, which Kidd carefully hid in his own sea chest. This would explain why the chart and its tracings, as well as the receptacles in which they were found are marked with the identifying numeral 1669.

However, it is reported that he arrived in St. Nevis in the West Indies in command of a privateer of sixteen guns. This was in 1689.

It might be well to explain the difference between a privateer and a pirate, although usually the two professions were all too often synonymous

It was common during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries for governments to commission ships manned by private individuals to attack and make war upon the enemies of the governments concerned. These ships received what were called "letters of marque" and their owners were permitted to receive all or a large part of the value of prizes captured lawfully by their ships. Now, privateers were only permitted to attack ships belonging to the enemy of their commissioners. Sometimes encouraged by the ease with which they captured ships they attacked every ship they saw. When a privateer attacked ships other than those belonging to the enemy he became a pirate

Kidd was known to have had much traffic with the pirates of the West Indies and several times he was given command of privateer vessels, both by the Government of New York and by private owners. At that time he had considerable property in New York City and lived in a house at what is now the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets

In the surrogate's office in

The Old Pirate Captain Is Usually Pictured as Killing the Pirates Who Had Just Buried the Treasure Chest So That He Would Be the Only One to Know About the Secret Cache. But the Pirates Reversed the Procedure Now and Then by Leaving the Captain Dead on Some Lonely Beach. Reproduced from the T. F. Healy Collection.

New York is, or was, the following document:

"A Lycence of marriage granted unto Capt William Kidd, New York, Gentleman, of the one party, and Sarah Oort, the widow of John Oort, Late of New York, merchant deceased the 16th day of May 1691"

He bought a country house at Haarlem, land on Tienhoven (now Liberty Street, New York) and in Nassau Street, where "he built a mansion for his old age."

It was in 1695 that Kidd composed the overture for the patriotic incidents which were to bring about his death by gallows at Execution Dock. He had sailed his ship the Antigua, to London with merchandise out of New York. There was at that time a war with the French and as a collection of State Tracts, published during the reign of William III. (Vol. III., London), tell us:

"The Admiralty could not .. spare ships to extirpate pirates in the West and East Indies, in the Red Sea entrance, so Lord Bellamont, Governor of New York and Massachusetts Bay in 1695 was told by Robert Levington, a man of no small estate and fair reputation, he had spoke with one Captain William Kidd, lately come from New York in a Sloop of his own, upon the account of Trade who told him he knew most of the principal men who had been abroad-roving, and diverse who were lately gone out are but wise had some knowledge of the places where they usually made their rendezvous and that he would undertake to seize most of them, in case he might be employed in one of the King's ships, a good sailer of about 30 guns, and might have 150 men.

He said that 'tho' the pirates were many in number, yet they had at that time no ships of considerable force." Levington affirmed that Kidd was 'a bold man and stout fellow' better than any other to be employed on that occasion. The King consulted the Admiralty, but they said the war and the pressing of seamen employed all the available King's ships, and there were none to spare for so remote and uncertain a project.

"Col. Levington proposed to the Earl of Bellamont to form a syndicate to fit out a ship.. he had such an opinion of Kidd's capacity and good meaning, and so great a desire that some stop might be put to these piracies, that he...and Kidd would be at a fifth part of the charge of the undertaking). Levington affirm'd to the Earl that Kidd was a settled inhabitant of New York, lived regularly and had a competent estate of his own, and had marry'd at New York a Wife with considerable fortune by whom he had a child. Adding withal that Kidd's good Behaviour might be depended upon with assurance, because if he did, otherwise than his Duty obliged him, he had no place to go to, for he had acted such things against the French, since the war, that he durst never trust himself to them. And as further evidence how much he confided in Kidd's integrity, Levington offered to be bound with him ... for the faithful execution of his commission and the safe bringing back of the vessel."

So, in January, 1696, King William III issued to his "beloved friend William Kidd" a commission to apprehend certain pirates, particularly Thomas Pew of Rhode Island, Thomas Wake, and William Maze of New York, John Ireland, and "all other Pirates, Freebooters, and Sea Rovers of what Nature soever"

It is perhaps amusing to note that the enterprise was financed by Lord Bellamont, the Lord Chancellor of England; the Earl of Oxford, the First Lord of the Admiralty the Earl of Romney and the Duke of Shrewsbury. Robert Levington and Captain Kidd himself.

There was, at the time of Kidd's death a ballad written which deals with his life from this period to his execution Three verses head this article

In May 1696, he sailed from London in the Adventure Galley of 30 guns and 80 men, a ship that was provided with a bank of oars for use when the sails might be becalmed It is said that he sailed out of Tilbury and did not pay the proper respects to certain King's ships that were at anchor there Later he touched at Plymouth and as the ancient historian tells us he buried his Bible

"His divine precepts being so at variance with his wicked course of life that he did not choose to keep a book which condemned him in his lawless career."

In the early Summer the Adventure Galley cleared the Channel for New York. She made good time, the men working

(Continued on Page 16)

Try this New ROYAL Portable in your own home FREE!

READ WHAT OWNERS SAY: "Homework is half the time it used to be!" "Reports sharp grades!" "Like birthday!"

SEND NO MONEY! Spend no money! Try a New Royal Portable right in your own home—FREE! See how it thrills the children—helps students, grammar, high school or college—makes their writing faster, easier, more interesting. See how quickly everyone in the family takes to it—letters, setting down ideas, letters, reports. Know *without risking a penny* exactly what a Royal can mean to YOU—now *and in the days and years to come*. Get the FACTS—they cost you nothing—then *decide!*

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ANYONE CAN USE IT ANYONE CAN TURN OUT BEAUTIFUL WORK! AND HERE'S WHY! Only Royal gives you Magic Margin. It sets the stops

NO OBLIGATION

COUPON BRINGS DETAILS MAIL TODAY

FREE! Royal's famous Typing Guide and Secretarial Course. Just fill in coupon and mail today.

INCLUDED with every Royal Portable at no extra cost. A $25 value. Complete course.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
Dept. R 11, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Tell me how I can get a genuine New Royal Portable on the NEW ROYAL EASY PAYMENT PLAN—10¢ a day or less. I understand I am not obligated in any way.
NAME
STREET
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MAKE THAT OLD TYPEWRITER HELP PAY!

FREE! 60 BUICKS

Each with 1000 Gallons of Texaco FIRE-CHIEF Gasoline

also $6,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

6 Big Weekly Contests

THESE PRIZES EACH WEEK

TEN 1940 BUICK 4-DOOR SEDANS

EACH WITH 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE PLUS $50 WORTH OF SERVICE OR ACCESSORIES

ALSO 100 CASH PRIZES $10 EACH

"Best Buy's Buick!"

Six dozen new features. Big, straight-eight engines, smoother than a watch. Knee-action wheels that "give" to the bumps. Coil springs all around that never need greasing. Smart, roomy, smooth and a full 107 hp. under its smart bonnet! *A grand car and a grand prize!*

YOUR FRIENDLY TEXACO DEALER SAYS: Texaco Dealers everywhere are ready to serve you with 1000 gallons of Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline for quicker starts, smoother power . . . *free* for a limited time. Your Wm. Texaco Dealer supports in all 48 states, and other countries. Courtesy from the Gentleman who serves you

IT'S EASY TO WRITE ABOUT IVORY... I'M GOING TO ENTER EVERY WEEK!
ME TOO! IMAGINE WINNING A BEAUTIFUL BUICK AND 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO "FIRE-CHIEF" GASOLINE!

EASY! JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS

"I like Ivory Soap because_____

* * EXTRA * *
Special to Buick Winners
$50 WORTH OF FREE SERVICE OR YOUR CHOICE OF CAR ACCESSORIES

FOR CONTEST NEWS AND PRIZE-WINNERS TUNE IN ON RADIO

"The O'Neills," "Mary Marlin," "Life Can Be Beautiful" and "Against The Storm" Mondays through Fridays—see newspaper for time and stations.

BUCKS!!! GASOLINE!!! CASH!!! CREDIT!!! Imagine winning a brand new beauty of a Buick, with 1000 gallons of Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline—and $50 worth of free service or car accessories. Why, you can run your Buick practically without cost for a year or two! And don't forget those 600 generous *cash* prizes! It's your golden opportunity of 1940!

600 PRIZES TO BE WON! 6 separate weekly contests! Enter all six! Enter each contest as often as you like! Anyone may win these magnificent prizes—offered to get Ivory users to tell others what you like about pure gentle Ivory, serving so many American families in so many helpful ways. . .

FOR THE BABY—Ivory is so pure and gentle that doctors advise it even for bathing the sensitive skin of babies. Perhaps you yourself were an Ivory baby.

FOR COMPLEXIONS—Have you tried Baby's gentle Ivory for your own complexion care? According to a recent survey, more doctors advise Ivory for complexions than any other soap.

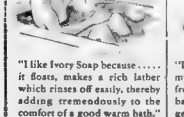
FOR BATHS—From Dad down to the youngest everyone enjoys a refreshing Ivory bath. They like the way Ivory floats—always in sight—always within reach.

FOR WASHING DISHES—How kind Ivory is to your hands. Haven't you noticed that gentle Ivory in your dishpan helps you keep your hands smooth and nice? And it costs less than 1¢ a day for all your dishwashing.

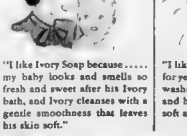
* * *

SO MANY THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT IVORY! IT'S EASY! Just look at the sample sentences below. Of course you can write sentences as good or better. So start now! Send in your first entries today. Get everyone in the family to enter.

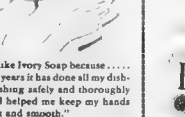
THESE SAMPLE SENTENCES MAY HELP YOU WIN . . SAVE THEM!



"I like Ivory Soap because..... it floats, makes a rich lather which rinses off easily, thereby adding tremendously to the comfort of a good warm bath."



"I like Ivory Soap because..... my baby looks and smells so fresh and sweet after his Ivory bath, and Ivory cleanses with a gentle smoothness that leaves his skin soft."



"I like Ivory Soap because..... for years it has done all my dishwashing safely and thoroughly and helped me keep my hands soft and smooth."

Finish sentence "I like Ivory Soap because..." in 25 words or less. Attach wrappers from one medium-size and one large-size Ivory Soap (or facsimiles). Send entry to Ivory Soap, Dept. M, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio

EASY RULES

1. Simply finish the sentence "I like Ivory Soap because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.

2. You can enter these contests as often as you like but each sentence must be accompanied by the wrappers from one Large-Size cake and one Medium-Size cake of Ivory Soap (or facsimiles). Mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. M, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are:

CONTEST	OPENING	CLOSING
First	Sun. Jan. 21 (or before)	Sat. Jan. 27
Second	Sun. Jan. 28	Sat. Feb. 3
Third	Sun. Feb. 4	Sat. Feb. 10
Fourth	Sun. Feb. 11	Sat. Feb. 17
Fifth	Sun. Feb. 18	Sat. Feb. 24
Sixth	Sun. Feb. 25	Sat. Mar. 2

4. Entries received before Sunday, January 21, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be post-marked before midnight, March 2, and must be received before March 15

5. Entries will be judged for originality, ingenuity and aptness of thought concerning the qualities and uses of Ivory Soap. Decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of a tie. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble

6. Any resident of Continental United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. Contests subject to all regulations of the United States and Canada.

7. Prizes in each weekly contest are: 10 first prizes of new 1940 Buick Special 4-Door Sedans, each with 1000 gallons Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline and $50.00 credit ticket for accessories and service; 100 second prizes, each $10.00 cash. Buick winners in Canada and Hawaii will receive cash equivalent in place of free gasoline.

8. Buick winners will be announced shortly after the close of each contest over Ivory's radio programs "The O'Neills" and "Mary Marlin"—coast-to-coast. Winners of $10 cash prizes will be notified by mail.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Send In Your Favorite Recipe! It May Earn $5 for You

HERE'S a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit. The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue of The American Weekly.

Turn to that page NOW . . . then read the simple rules that may lead to the easiest $5 you have ever earned!

Laughing Girl

(Continued from Page 9)

[illegible] Peter Storm glanced at his watch. One hour and three minutes had elapsed since Joe had stopped him. Simon Ketzler, if he had maintained his terrific speed, was now more than halfway to Winslow or Phoenix. Peter's chances of overtaking the killer or the killers of Henry Logan and securing the formula for logandite were diminishing with [illegible]

The sergeant said: "Storm would you like to wash up?"

Thanks.

Peter looked at his face for a long time in the washroom mirror. It was a hard brown face, [illegible] and with its slanting brows, its green eyes and its rakish smile, it was the face of a trouble-maker.

Looking at his face, he thought: The damned thing is a mask. I'm not like that. I'm not a crook. I'm not a racketeer. I'm not that dangerous.

His face was, he felt as contradictory as was Sandra Page's with its look of fresh young innocence. A face he reflected is usually the [illegible] the one [illegible] does what he wants to do and gets the things he wants to have and all the things you want to be and do. That was why a young face had so little character—the sum-total was still too small. That was why the face of the girl he was about to marry was still so innocent [illegible] of the things she'd done were mistakes.

* * *

In his suite on the City of Naples, Count Beretti was giving [illegible] steward a coded radiogram to be despatched to an address in Fifty-eighth Street, New York. The radiogram was a reply to one of the many dozens which John Mc[illegible]n. The message contained this intelligence:

"Are You the Guy Who Got Us That Jam in Reno?" Asked the Cop.

"Yes," Said Sandra Promptly, "He's the Guy."

Disregard previous plan [illegible] meeting. Regret am [illegible] incognito. Will proceed immediately on arrival New York to your apartment. Acknowledge.

* * *

Peter Storm glanced at [illegible] watch. "With this ring," he said, "I [illegible]

This Author Walked Away From $20,000,000

The author was George F. Worts whose thrilling new serial, "Laughing Girl," is now appearing in The American Weekly. It happened following experiences in Central and South America, the South Seas, China, Japan, India and Java.

"I made a serious attempt at prospecting for gold in the wilds of Nevada," he says. "It was an expensive education. I still own a number of holes in those hills. My one great opportunity which I missed, being that of making a fortune in tungsten. I walked blithely over a hill containing approximately $20,000,000 of it, but failed to recognize its value. The property is now being worked by another man who is making a fortune."

Mr. Worts who is now in Hollywood, believes that people who write fiction cannot safely put down roots anywhere for very long. At present he's busy on another serial.

"As soon as my wife has finished an original motion picture she's working on," he says, "and I have finished the new serial, we will be off and away again. It's more fun than any job we can think of."

Disregard previous plan [illegible] meeting. Regret am [illegible] incognito. Will proceed immediately on arrival New York to your apartment. Acknowledge.

* * *

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His face was, he felt as contradictory as was Sandra Page's with its look of fresh young innocence. A face he reflected is usually the [illegible] the one [illegible] does what he wants to do and gets the things he wants to have and all the things you want to be and do. That was why a young face had so little character—the sum-total was still too small. That was why the face of the girl he was about to marry was still so innocent [illegible] of the things she'd done were mistakes.

* * *

In his suite on the City of Naples, Count Beretti was giving [illegible] steward a coded radiogram to be despatched to an address in Fifty-eighth Street, New York. The radiogram was a reply to one of the many dozens which John Mc[illegible]n. The message contained this intelligence:

[illegible] a few weeks of each other. You wouldn't understand why, but I'll tell you about it, anyway. That was her idea, too. In fact, that's where I got mine—that a laughing girl has something that, no matter what happens makes life worth living for any man. She does! Sa[illegible]

After the funeral, he took me for a walk, and he said, 'Sandy, the only reason I've lived so [illegible] is that I couldn't bear the thought of leaving her laughter behind. [illegible] that kind of sentiment is beyond your grasp, Mr. Storm [illegible] only your nickname?'

To those I like."

Sandy Storm," he said. "That's cute. I like it."

"I don't like anything about it."

"I was about to observe," Peter said, "that, like all initial [illegible] you'll get all right until a real test comes along. When things go your way you can laugh. But when you're in a really tough spot, when things look really dark for you, Sandy, you're a cry-baby and a quitter. You're like all people who brag about their [illegible] of humor. It works only when the sun is out."

She said quickly: "I told you, you wouldn't understand. If I were in love with you, it would be different. A man like you would have stopped even my [illegible]

Don't you think the [illegible] of [illegible]

"You can drive faster if you wish. I'm all right again. You've [illegible] anyway."

"Not yet."

[illegible] "I'm sorry I've [illegible] had him now," she said with impatience. "And Meldon will have caught him anyway."

"Then I'll have only him to deal with."

"But he'll simply vanish in [illegible] Peter said, "and I know them all."

"You might have tried one of them in that police station."

"It isn't," Storm said, "as if he were a common murderer merely looking for a place to hide out. He has something in his possession worth millions of dollars, and he's in a great hurry to get it to the market."

She had been holding her bridal bouquet of white zinnias in her lap. She tossed them out of the [illegible]

"And what," Peter inquired "does marriage mean to a girl [illegible]

[illegible] and promptly: "All right [illegible] I can't understand what marriage means to me. For years, I've thought of marriage as a wonderful adventure with a man I'd [illegible] about and no matter [illegible] I'd have laughter for him. Silly isn't it?"

Very silly," Peter said.

"I've always thought a girl who could laugh things off would be a wonderful asset to any man. But this is something I can't [illegible] If Mr. Meldon [illegible] like to hear the story of my life, Mr. Storm?

Go right ahead."

All right! I had a grandfather and a grandmother who lived to be ninety and died within [illegible] of each other. Their [illegible] sparkling eyes [illegible] laughs behind [illegible]

[illegible] Peter said. "Are you [illegible]?" She was huddled [illegible] my arms [illegible] did get, "I can't [illegible]

[illegible]

I'm sorry," Peter said.

For heaven's sake," she [illegible] stop saying you're sorry. [illegible] It really means, 'I'm [illegible] or I'm sorry you [illegible] me at it.' You aren't sorry. What does marriage mean to a man like you? Just an [illegible] or [illegible] cheap thrill? More [illegible] car. Peter plucked the white zinnia out of his buttonhole and tossed it out of the car. He felt suddenly depressed.

The heat, it seemed to him, had increased. Usually, after midnight, the desert began to cool off. There was the oppressive feeling of a thunderstorm in the air. Off to the left in the [illegible] the dark cloudbank was growing, and now and then the moon was covered by a scudding cloud.

He realized that this girl's attraction for him was heightened because she was the first girl he had met who did not think the [illegible] of [illegible] glamorous. Although he [illegible] he discovered that I wanted very much for Sandra [illegible]

[illegible] paper [illegible] [illegible] as far as other people were concerned. Most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] out of polarity results in [illegible] his achievements [illegible] to [illegible] publicly proud of recognition.

He thought, "I'm in a business or a profession, where my achievements [illegible] must be [illegible] None of my accomplishments [illegible] everything I do must be [illegible] more or less in the dark or I [illegible] worthless to the company. Therefore I have no really [illegible] and [illegible] to make the point of.

Worse than that, people would [illegible] [illegible] achievements as confidential agent of Allied Metals were published. He had inherited [illegible] father's wealth a [illegible] of Allied Metals. [illegible] a millionaire, and people either envied him for it, or despised him because of it. And the girl he had married, instead of being pleased at marrying millions was heartily disgusted.

He wished he knew just why Sandra was. And he wished he knew how dangerous she was. If she had dealt with so many people who had used much the same tac-

(Continued on Page 15)

How Boy Meets Girl in Puerto Rico

ROMANCE is a highly-involved ritual in Ponce, the second largest city in the Territory of Puerto Rico. Boy eventually gets girl here, but only after going through a social wringer unequalled elsewhere under the American flag. Rigid conventions ordained in the days when Conquistadores held sway still rule.

Courtship begins with "The Couches of Ponce." Stationed in front of the Plaza Principal are four ancient landau-type equipages driven by picturesque Spanish dehus, infinitely wise in the ways of love. Custom requires that the boy who wishes to convey to his lady love that she is highly terrific hires one of these coaches, and serenades his intended.

If he cannot sing or play a guitar, he hires a vicarious love-maker. The sweet-voiced Cyrano rides with the smitten swain in the landau.

The coach halts near the house of the beloved one, and the lad with the guitar looses romantic tunes from his practiced throat. He tells the girl that the [illegible] moon and many of the planets revolve around her beautiful head. Played and sung beneath the beautiful Puerto Rican moon this music is enough to change the mantilla off a mere Spanish [illegible] The real lover smokes endless cigarettes and is as ill at ease as a tramp at the Ritz.

The lovely señorita peeps through the curtains of her balcony to learn the identity of her serenader. Technically, this is putting over a fast one for the girl is not supposed to be seen.

The next step takes place that night in the town Plaza where at eight o'clock sharp the boys and girls of Ponce start walking around the statue of Luis Muñoz Rivera, great Puerto Rican patriot. The boys go in one direction [illegible] at once. They study each other with [illegible] Slowly they [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] their choice [illegible] the boys and girl are walking [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] cream soda.

After this, if he wants to take [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Disease Germs That Have Learned to Jump

(Continued from Page 7)

rubber gloves, which must be cleansed with soap and hot water before being removed

But the little Bacterium wasn't stopped by these precautions. It enlists deer flies, fleas and ticks to pass on the disease.

But getting itself fished out of a river is, perhaps, its latest dodge

The unfortunate young angler who seems to have "hooked" a case of the fever really hauled u[illegible] an obstreperous catfish [illegible] didn't hesitate to prick its captor's hands with a sharp fin. He paid little attention to the injury but the next day he had a very painful arm and a high fever

His doctor had seen other catfish pricks, but few that acted just like this one. He treated his patient and later discussed this strange case with experts of the American Medical Association These men reported at least one other instance of rabbit fever handed out by a catfish

It seems that sick and discouraged bunnies or prairie jackrabbits sometimes end it all by toppling into a nearby stream. A [illegible] catfish investigating the [illegible] rabbit may carry away some [illegible] causing germs. Since the sharp fin of this fish might be called a "made-to-order" weapon for getting these germs into a new victim it is wise for all anglers to check up on any wounds they get from [illegible]

In human beings, the symptoms of the "horse fever" type of sleeping sickness are sometimes so similar to those of ordinary encephalitis that the diseases on occasions have been confused, as happened in the case of 5 year-old Dore[illegible] Snook of Albany N. Y Physicians first diagnosed her case as the "horse fever" variety but later determined that she was suffering from the more common form of sleeping sickness

[illegible] with animals a large number of diseases. Among these the most destructive was undoubtedly plague. This disease is harbored by rats and rodents The insect that carries it from rats to man is the flea

Plague was the cause of the Black Death which in 1348 affected Europe and destroyed twenty-five million human beings, or one-fourth of the entire population. Plague reappeared during each of the succeeding centuries in one or more places of the world right down to our own time. The numbers of its victims add up to a hundred million or more

Besides "rabbit fever" the diseases shared by animals and man that are better known to us are parrot fever (psittacosis), anthrax or malignant pustule, undulant fever, hydrophobia, glanders and bovine tuberculosis

But on this score we must remember that man too is an animal and that among the most destructive of the diseases are those transmitted from man to man by way of insect carriers

Yellow fever is the classical example of such a disease. The way [illegible] it is spread long mystified the best medical brains. Men courageously exposed themselves to contact with yellow fever sufferers and with the things contaminated by their excretions, and came out of the experience unaffected. Scientists couldn't quite understand that until the Yellow Fever Commission consisting of Doctors Reed, Carroll, Lazear and Agramonte proved, at the cost of Lazear's life that yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito

No less destructive was typhus fever "the companion of famine filth and degradation," which is transmitted from man to man by the body louse

Malaria which some maintain was the real cause of the downfall of ancient Greece and which in Europe and in our own country has sapped the strength of [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible] disease spread by mosquitoes

In Africa large portions of the land were and still are, made uninhabitable because of the African sleeping sickness [illegible] spread by an insect the Tsetse fly

This list is far from complete There is Rocky Mountain spotted fever a cousin of typhus spread by ticks. There is trench fever well known among the soldiers of the last war, spread by the "cootie." There are, too, the diseases spread by the non-biting insects among which the common house-fly is the greatest villain. These insects spread [illegible] typhoid, dysentery, cholera and erysipelas

Science fights the insect-borne diseases with all the weapons at its command. The sick are isolated so that insects can't get at them. The animal reservoirs of the infection are destroyed as in the case of plague, in which a perpetual war on rats is maintained.

The insect carriers are eliminated, as General Gorgas did in the Panama Canal Zone, by making it impossible for the yellow fever mosquito to find a suitable breeding place.

The "germs that jump from beast to man" do not find the jumping as easy as it was in former days

To round out the picture it is necessary to recognize that if animals pass on their diseases to man man does no less to animals. There is this difference however man most often and deliberately "transmits" diseases to animals in the efforts to solve their mystery. When he finds the answer animals as well as humans profit by it

Without animals such as horses, rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, mice and monkeys to experiment upon, medical science could hardly progress. The great work of the German scientists who produced the life-saving chemical, Prontosil from which we have since derived Sulfanilamide and Sulfapyridine, was of necessity first done on mice. Much of what we know about cancer has been gained from animal experimentation

In the case of influenza, research work was long stumped by the lack of a suitable experimental animal. Fortunately it was ultimately found that the ferret is susceptible to the disease

That was a great find. The scientists [illegible] case of human influenza [illegible]

in the [illegible] sure enough the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ferret sick with "flu" just sneezed into the researcher's face

The result was that [illegible] influenza. The story was [illegible] reported in the Lancet [illegible]

The Parrot Disease—Psittacosis—Is Apparently One of Those Whose Germs Have Learned to Jump, But Has Its Periods of Being Innocuous to Human Beings—Even So, If You Have a Parrot It Is Better Not to Let It Kiss You

Laughing Girl

(Continued from Page 14)

ties as hers And yet, in a sense, Sandra was totally unlike those others

She had deliberately delayed him with her rudeness, to the motorcop. If she weren't working with Medkin, why had she done it?

He shouted above the roar of wind. "What did you do before you went in for this sort of thing?"

"What sort of thing?"

"Industrial spying."

She gasped as if with indignation looked at him speculatively a moment, and yelled. "You mean, after I stopped being trigger man for Jimmy the Stinger's mob?"

"That's terribly funny," Peter shouted, checking speed for a cottontail on the side of the road "but why the mystery? Who are you?"

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(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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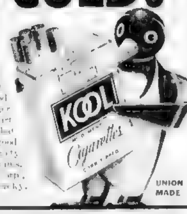

Do cigarettes all seem flat [illegible] Cheer up! KOOLS taste swell [illegible] touch of [illegible] KOOLS [illegible] KOOLS [illegible] good [illegible] U. S. A. for a wide variety of [illegible] premiums. [illegible] Williamson Tobacco Corp. Box [illegible] Kentucky.

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CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS PIRATE TREASURE

(Continued from Page 13)

[illegible] times at [illegible] to the [illegible] and several of the men objected to this "slave's work." However the ship reached New York without incident. Kidd discharged those of his men who were dissatisfied and took on a total crew of 150, having promised them privateers' shares that is, equal shares to every man after forty shares had been taken out for the owners and captain.

Provisioned for a long voyage he left New York, and a few [illegible]

She turned out to be a French [illegible] the Adventure came up to her easily, and Moore, Kidd's gunner, [illegible] dred pounds worth of salt on board. The Frenchman was returned to New York and the prize money spent on more provisions and armament.

They set sail again, this time for Madeira where he took in wine, St. Jago in the Cape Verde Islands for provisions. Then steered South for the Cape of Good Hope.

One fine morning a sail was sighted and the Adventure Galley [illegible] were seen and Kidd, in the [illegible] recognized them as King's ships.

"'Bout ship," he roared. "Would ye fight four King's ships?"

[illegible] There was a puff of smoke from a lean black hull and a round shot skipped over the blue waters.

"Crack on! [illegible] Get under way."

[illegible] of billowing, white sail [illegible] like a stone thrown [illegible]

[illegible]

"What ship's that?" bellowed an officer.

"Adventure Galley, Capt'n Kidd, [illegible] under letters of marque."

"Aye? Well, come aboard the Windsor."

Kidd put off a boat and crossed to the King's ship. He was met at the ladder by a brown-faced, square-shouldered man who regarded him with cold blue eyes.

"Letters of marque, ye say? Let's see them."

Kidd handed them over.

"And here's my commission under the Great Seal," he boasted.

"Why the devil did ye run then?" demanded the captain.

"I didn't see your flag," answered the virtuous Kidd. "My commission is for pirates and French ships. I wouldn't attack any other."

"H-m. Back to your ship. Where ye bound?"

"Cape of Good Hope and the Island of Madagascar where the pirates have an anchorage."

"We're bound for the Cape, too."

"I'll accompany you."

Captain Warren squinted across at the Adventure.

"Ye seem to have a big crew," he observed. "[illegible]"

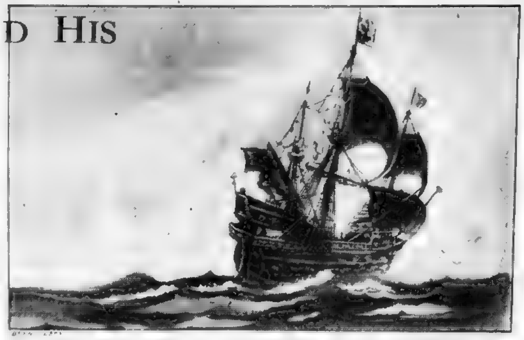
"I'll spare ye several if ye want," said Kidd affably, as he climbed down to his boat.

"Fine. Keep station with me and we'll choose them later."

"Aye, aye, sir," Kidd saluted.

He returned to his ship and kept line with the King's ships until they rounded the cape. Then, rolling through the heavy seas off South Africa he stole away from them in the night.

"I'll need all my bullies," he is reported to have laughed.



An Old Print Showing One of the Pirate Ships Used by Captain Kidd During the Years He Carried on His Bloodthirsty Depredations on the Seven Seas.

Pirate, "Armed to the Teeth," Ready for a Raiding Expedition. Reproduction from a Contemporary Sketch in the T. F. Healy Collection.

HE made for the Island of Joanna in Mozambique Channel, a well known rendezvous for pirates who lay there watching for Indiamen using the channel on their way to round the Cape of Good Hope. There were no pirates in the bay and Kidd went ashore to provision his ship. He was met by the native king of Joanna in some state and demanded provisions from him.

"No get," said the king, watching him.

"I'm a King's ship," blustered Kidd. "Ye'll hand me hogs, meat, corn, and salt in return for which I'll give ye a Bill on the King of England."

"No get," repeated the native.

Kidd returned to his ship and called the crew.

"Ashore, lads, and get provisions; fruit, vegetables, drinking water, salt and meat. If they try to keep ye off, well—get the stuff anyhow."

Yelling with delight at the prospect of a run ashore, the pirates rowed their longboat to the beach. Kidd from his deck heard the popping of pistols.

"Put a shot into the village, Mr. Moore," he commanded. A culverin banged and Kidd watched several natives drop as the ball tore through them.

"That'll show them what Kidd means when he wants provisions," he said.

Boats came back laden with fruits and a few slaughtered goats. The men were laughing and one carried a native girl.

"No ye don't," warned Kidd. "I'll have no women aboard this ship. Drop her overboard."

"But—"

Kidd's pistol banged and the man, still gripping the screaming girl toppled overboard.

"Look at that," yelled the pirate captain, "and let's see if any more think of mutiny."

There was a red swirl in the water and in its clearness they saw a slim shark swoop at the sinking bodies. There were murmurs among the men, but they did not meet Kidd's cold, gray eye.

He watched the boats come off and sent all back for more.

"Damme, I'll go myself! Ye'll need a lesson in foraging."

He landed with his quartermaster beside him and walked to a large hut at the head of the village.

"Where's the king?" he bawled.

"He's run into the jungles," offered a seaman.

"So. Burn his damned house then."

The straw hut blazed fiercely and from the shrouding greenery came the wails of frightened natives.

"Get some of them," ordered Kidd. "We'll find where they keep their gold."

Kidd walked about the stockaded village. Straw huts stood in two parallel rows, the earth before them swept clean. All the men, women and children had concealed themselves in the jungle. He could hear his men tearing through the bush and the popping of their pistols as they hunted the luckless natives. One of his men came running.

"Found a blackie, cap'n sir, in one of the huts."

Kidd hurried over and in one of the smaller huts an emaciated native lay groaning feebly. He was old and his thin body bore recent scars. Flies buzzed over him and he whined like a sick dog as one of the sailors dragged him to his feet.

"Look at's hands."

The man's shaking hands were swollen out of all recognition. He held them before him screaming thinly as they were touched. Beneath all his finger nails long, evil looking thorns had been driven and left there until the nails themselves were forced clear of the skin and the fingers swollen shiny and suppurating hopelessly.

"A' looks like a prisoner from some other tribe," remarked Moore.

"Aye," grinned Kidd. "It gives me an idea."

There was a bustle outside and half a dozen pirates appeared dragging four of the older natives with them. Kidd swaggered out of the hut.

"Where's the king?" he demanded.

"Couldn't find him, cap'n."

"Ha. Well, this one'll do."

He approached an old man with seamed, cunning face and gray, woolly hair. He was covered with a tattered cloth and on his thin old wrists gold bangles glittered as they caught the sun.

"Where's yer gold, sirrah!" bellowed the pirate captain.

The man glared silently.

"So. Bring fat and tar and a slow match. We'll show these blackamoors a few things."

Seamen rushed away to return with a keg of pitch, some fat and the powder-loaded fuze.

"Tie his hands. We'll give him a hand o' glory."

They bound the wretch's hands so that the fingers were joined at the tips. The palms were filled with a mixture of tallow and pitch. Then a slow match passed between the fingers and into the inflammable material inside the hands.

"Are ye going to tell us where the gold is?"

The native's face was gray with fear but his eyes stared woodenly before him.

"Light it."

The matches sputtered as they burned slowly towards the fingers.

"Hold his wrists, damme!"

(Continued on Page 17)

Put Glamour in Your Hair-Do

WITH THIS SURPRISING NEW SHAMPOO!

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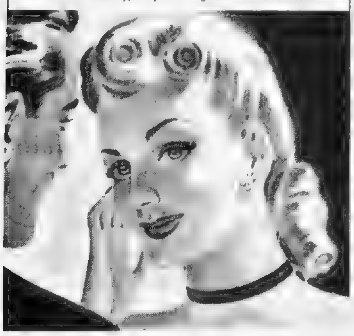

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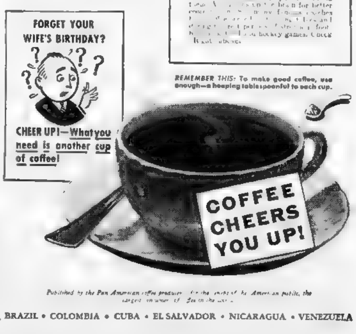

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TALES OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BUCCANEERS

The Old Pirates Used Many Subterfuges in Their Attacks on Peaceful Ships. This Drawing by M. Biard Shows a Portion of the Crew of a Pirate Vessel Masquerading as Innocent Passengers, Some Wearing Women's Clothes, While the Rest of the Bloodthirsty Crew Keeps Out of Sight. From the T. F. Healy Collection.

(Continued from Page 16)

roared Kidd. "Don't let him shake them out."

At the glowing match touched the quivering fingers, the old man groaned a little.

Ah! Touches ye," sneered the pirate. "Will ye tell now?"

The native grunted with pain and the matches slowly burned the length of his fingers. Kidd grinning like a devil, watched until the matches ignited the tallow, and small yellow, stinking flames stole between the blisters fingers. Sweat stood out on the man's forehead but his teeth clenched on his thick lips until blood trickled to his chin. The hands held out like shaking claws blazed now until the bone could be seen through the crackling flesh. Twice the native slumped in the arms of his torturers and they splashed water on his head to revive him. He was screaming now and the pirates howled with laughter at his agonized writhing. One of the other natives who was moaning in sympathy with the tortured one yelled something.

'He wants to lead us to the gold," reported Moore.

THEY dropped the old man who wriggled like a broken reptile on the sand, sobbing piteously as he vainly tried to quench the searing fire in the sand. As they trooped after the other native they saw the old man screaming and staggering towards the sea his hands held out before him, their charred stumps still smoking.

"That'll larn 'em what torture means," laughed Kidd.

The native took them into the bush and along a narrow path under scraps of fur, cloth, and the claws and skins of reptiles.

"T'is one o' their witch paths," explained Moore. "We'm on the right track."

At last, they stopped before a small hut hidden beneath a wealth of greenery. One of the pirates kicked in the door and they shoved inside.

"Pamme, there ain't nothin' here," raved Moore. "He's bin lyin'."

They turned and saw the native racing along the path. Kidd slowly lifted his great brass-bound pistol. There was a bang, a puff of smoke and the native sprawled in the path his spine shattered by the soft, heavy ball.

Maybe they ain't got no gold," suggested one of the pirates.

"We'll find what they have got," snarled Kidd. "Burn the wheedlin' village!"

Laughing like demons the pirates ran from hut to hut firing them. Fabulous little earthen pots shattered under their heavy seaboots. Goats, dogs anything moving, they shot down. Others dragged great bags of guinea corn from the granaries.

"Back to the ship," ordered Kidd. "We've got all they have."

As he stepped towards his boat he saw the old man sitting shoulder deep in the surf, dabbling his ruined hands in the cold sea water. He crooned over them whining and sobbing quietly like a hurt child.

Grinning, Kidd lifted a pistol. The old man looked up too late and in that second his burst head sank below the surface.

The boats filled with roaring pirates pulled for the Adventure Galley and behind them the village blazed fiercely under the brilliant sun. A few natives stood on the shore, shaking their hands and a couple of arrows whispered through the air near them.

The men were dissatisfied that they had found no more booty at Johanna.

'Time we boarded a ship," they grumbled. But they took care that Kidd didn't hear.

They made for Mohilla, another island in the Comoro group between Madagascar and Mozambique, and anchored in a secluded bay where, from a lookout in a lofty cottonwood tree they could scan the passage. Several large ships were sighted.

"Cap'n," warned Moore, "they men don't like to see they rich Indiamen get away.

Damn the, men," answered Kidd. "They'm Mogul ships. If we take one of they the whole King a navy will be after us. T[illegible] the men that I'll, captain and if there's any as don't like that, let 'em tell me so."

[illegible] Key a small [illegible] but I'll [illegible] out of the lot have one more [illegible]

[illegible] Sound [illegible] Key [illegible] Ribs Key where a [illegible] down everything [illegible] between the [illegible]

Action at last! All qualms were forgotten. The crew worked like beavers, shaking down as they overhauled running gear, renewed sails, piled shot near the guns and polished their weapons. The sloop's sick was sent ashore to hound's tooth and pikes, cutlasses [illegible] pistols at [illegible] powder [illegible] on a man-of-war.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

BATHROOMS! SPARKLINGLY CLEAN, SANITARY, TOO!

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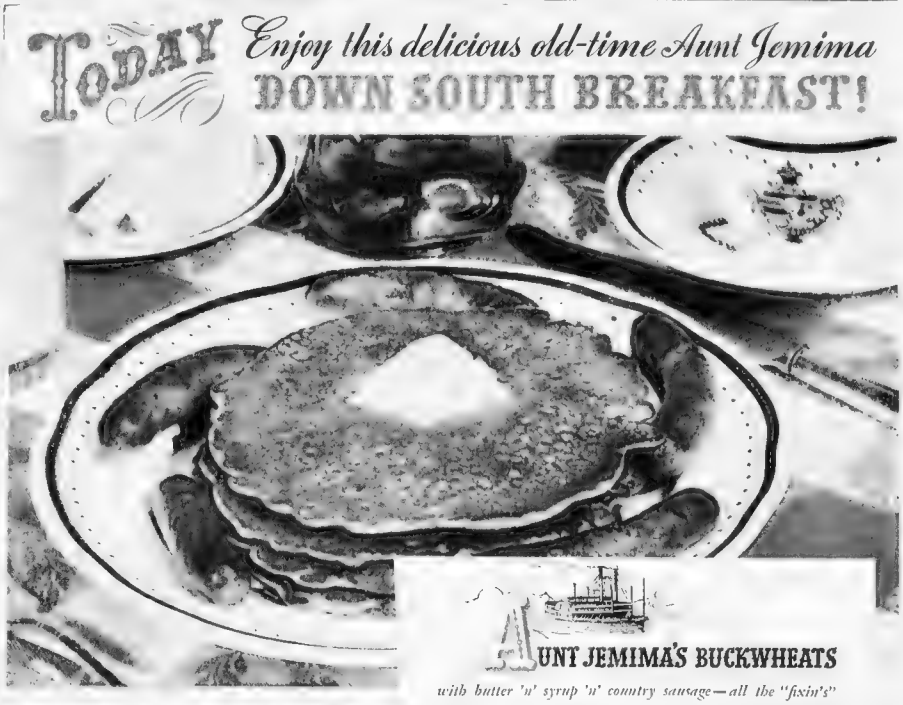
IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

TODAY

Enjoy this delicious old-time Aunt Jemima

DOWN SOUTH BREAKFAST!



AUNT JEMIMA'S BUCKWHEATS

with butter 'n' syrup 'n' country sausage—all the "fixin's" that made the old South a Land of Good Living—Good Eating!

Right now, thousands of grocers are featuring the year's biggest event in mouth watering meals—a real, old-time "Down South Breakfast" filled with delightful taste and wholesome nourishment!

High spot of the meal is Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats—light, tender and fluffy—the kind that legend says Aunt Jemima created on the old plantation with her famous secret recipe. Win compliments from your family with this Aunt Jemima feast. Look for the "Down South Breakfast" display at your grocer's and get both kinds of Aunt Jemima's magic Ready-Mix—the red box for pancakes, the yellow box for buckwheats.

SWEET WORDS OF PRAISE ARE YOUR REWARD when you serve your family a feast like this...with delicious Aunt Jemima's to make every face light up and beam with smiling appreciation! Have some luscious Aunt Jemima's Pancakes today!

Your Friend Aunt Jemima Says:

It's easy as 1-2-3 to serve my luscious Buckwheats... Pancakes... Waffles...

'Cause my own secret recipe for de world's most famous hot cakes is already mixed for you in every cheerful box!

Does Hay Fever Make Its Victims Ambitious?

IF YOU are bothered by hay fever you are likely to be more ambitious and nervous than your neighbors who are not troubled with the sneezing plague. At least, that's the theory of Dr. E. Wittkower, a British physician.

The doctor studied the records of 50 hay fever victims and 50 people free from the disease. He measured and compared the mental characteristics of these two groups. He attempted especially to check the assertion that hay fever victims are above the average in intelligence and that stupid and phlegmatic people almost never suffer from the malady.

After a case study of 100 individuals Dr. Wittkower came to some interesting conclusions. In the first place, he did not find any marked above-the-average intelligence among his patients who suffered from hay fever. But he did find a high degree of self-absorption, an overweening ambition and the kind of dreaminess which often interferes with everyday affairs.

It turned out that many of the patients grew up in small families or were only children. It is probable that they were more or less coddled during their youth, although Dr. Wittkower also found the unexpected fact that many hay fever victims remember their childhood as unpleasant.

The physician believes he has shown that hay fever victims are ambitious, but in a day-dreaming sort of way. They are likely to be below average in mental adjustment to their every-day life. They often suffer from nervous fatigue or neurasthenia.

From facts Dr. Wittkower has gathered, however, he cannot conclude whether poor mental adjustment with a high degree of ambition in individuals in some mysterious way cause the hay fever or whether hay fever causes this state of mind among its victims. It will require further research to prove either point.

The Englishman admits that experiments made with only 100 persons are helpful, but not necessarily final. He believes that he could come to more accurate conclusions if he worked with a much larger group, say 1,000 sufferers from hay fever and an equal number of people who never have had the misfortune to catch the malady that is so upsetting physically and mentally.

This new slant on the cause and effect of hay fever has attracted physicians all over the British Empire who have asked for a complete report of Dr. Wittkower's researches.

THE GAS MASK HAIR-DO

This Rear View Shows Just How the Gas Mask Fits the Back of the Head and Why the Ingenious Hair-Do Looks Trim Even in the Excitement of an Air Raid.

One of the Smartest and Most Practical Wartime Coiffures Is the One Affected by the Smiling Young Woman at the Left. The Curls Are So Arranged That the Straps of the Gas Mask Lie Close to the Head Without Mussing the Ringlets.

AS MANY a [illegible] student of World War II has [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] war.

[illegible]

[illegible] that the threatened "blitzkrieg" or lightning war seems to consist of an occasional foray into No Man's Land and [illegible] a dog fight over the [illegible].

[illegible] is the reaction of the women folk to the [illegible] World War [illegible] girls went into action [illegible] or in the [illegible] of them managed to look very efficient and mannish by bobbing their hair.

This [illegible] even though the [illegible] world trembles on the brink of a catastrophe that makes the other World War seem tame by comparison, the women are going about their jobs looking very modish and feminine.

Few [illegible] of the British women [illegible] most for [illegible] have [illegible] Instead they have [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] designed for the hats and caps and gas masks they wear. The photographs on this page show one of the most fetching [illegible] of [illegible].

The pretty model is Miss Edwina Coolidge, a member of the Boston social set and an actress. She recently returned home from England, where she and some of her friends [illegible] the hair-do she is wearing and a few equally pleasing coiffures. This one [illegible] [illegible] even when the straps of a gas mask are worn over it.

The trick is in the [illegible] of the curls. They are [illegible] in rows so that the [illegible] of the mask can fit between them. Of course a little care has to be exercised in putting on the life-saving false face but after a little practice any pretty war worker or civilian can get into her mask in about 15 seconds.

As a recently illustrated article in The American Weekly showed, thousands of women in the British Isles are sporting such special wartime waves. They like it and so do the males of the country. They say it's much easier in this war to tell the girls from the boys.

The beauty shoppe operators are all for the vogue, too, and are just about as busy as they were in the days before Hitler decided that things were altogether too peaceful in Europe.

Though the women in the United States have little to worry about in the war of attack from the air—and have the assurance of military experts that air raids by an enemy are practically impossible—they are interested in the coiffures of their sisters overseas. Even without the necessity of pulling on gas masks the new modes have a great deal to recommend them. It would be no surprise if some of the hair-dos caught on in this country.

The bob was a "war baby" and after it appeared in England and France, it spread to this country. Thousands of maids and matrons had their locks shorn close and kept their heads that way for years—long after the Armistice was declared. If they borrowed the bob, maybe they'll adopt the gas mask hair-do.

238 Bachelors On One Ship

ON A RECENT trip of the liner Conte di Savoia to Europe a cargo of 238 bachelors left the ship at Piraeus, Greece, to claim brides they had never seen before.

The [illegible] Romeos conducted their courtships in American whirlwind fashion because the ship remained in port only a few hours.

These bachelors were young Greeks who hoped to win wives they had picked by the "picture bride" method.

These mass courtships weren't spur-of-the-moment affairs because for months these young bachelors had studied hundreds of photographs of marriageable maidens. When they chose one they wrote their most important relative and asked him to call on the girl's parents. If his selling talk was successful the young man was invited to Greece to meet the folks. Even if he filled their requirements he still had to make the girl say "yes."

However, when the ship left port for America the officers had nicknamed her "the honeymoon special" as in most cases the girls' decisions had been favorable.

A Man Who Hated Lawyers

FOR years, Mr. Percy Hurst was a pain in the head to all lawyers who practiced in London's courts because he regularly tramped up and down the streets wearing a revolving top hat that bore the slogan, "Beware of Lawyers."

So cordially did he hate legal gentlemen that he tried to carry on his campaign after he died. He willed a thousand dollars of his $200,000 fortune to the Law Reform Association which he founded.

Mr. Hurst's dearest wish had been that the association carry on the work of ridiculing lawyers.

When the will was read, an uproar arose immediately from Mr. Hurst's relatives. They sued to have the will set aside and to insure victory they hired the best legal talent they could find. They based their case on the fact that a bequest to the association wasn't a charitable one.

As the suit came to trial, it looked as if the legal profession had the last laugh on their arch-enemy. Mr. Hurst had neglected to get legal help in drawing his will and it seemed the gentlemen who know all the answers could break it easily.

Although decision was reserved in the case, the presiding judge did say just before court adjourned: "It is a pity this gentleman did not consult a lawyer before he made his will because his affairs seem to be in their hands now."

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3116 YOUTHFUL LINES FOR OLDER WOMEN IN A CASUALLY SMART FROCK NICELY DARTED WAISTLINE AND FULLNESS THROUGH THE BODICE. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3114 HERE'S A MUST-HAVE STYLE FOR HOME GIRLS! THE TRIANGULAR SELF SECTIONS NARROW YOUR WAIST. THE BUTTON-FRONT IS QUICK AND EASY. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3[illegible] yards [illegible]-inch fabric.

Pattern 3117 A REAL HEART-STEALER! THE WORK-A-DAY VERSION HAS A CRISP COLLAR. THE DRESS-UP STYLE USES FRILLS TO OUTLINE THE POINTED WAISTLINE AND BODICE PANELS. Designed for juniors' sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 15 requires 4 yards of either 35 or 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3071 JUST SIMPLE STITCHES MAKE THIS COLORFUL KITTEN PANEL THAT YOU CAN USE IN ANY ROOM. Pattern 3071 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 15x19¾ inches, color chart and key, illustrations of stitches, materials required.

PRICE OF PATTERNS
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Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBER, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in coin for each pattern and address your envelope to

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I WAS AFRAID
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LET'S GET ACQUAINTED! We want you to see for yourself just how much more appealing these famous Creams will make your skin—how thrilling the right powder shade can be!

Take advantage of this special introductory offer! Just clip the coupon and send only 10¢ (for postage and packing) to Pond's, Clinton, Conn. Do it today!

Here's what you get . . .

POND'S COLD CREAM:—generous sample tube. Enough for 9 cleansings. Use it to cleanse and soften your skin thoroughly.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM:—smaller tube. Smooths away little skin roughnesses in a single application! Famous powder base. Grand overnight cream—not greasy!

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM:—same size. A quicker-melting cream. Fine for *quick* cleansings.

POND'S POWDER: Try 5 glamorous shades of Pond's Face Powder and choose the one exactly right for *you!*

Light Natural—for delicate blonde skin.
Rose Cream (Natural)—a favorite creamy tone.
Rose Dawn—faint blush tint for fair skin.
Rose Brunette—rosy tone for blondes, brunettes.
Brunette—flattering to ivory skin.

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THE ONE TOUCH POWDER DEODORANT
Spiro dusts away armpit odor and checks sloppy perspiration. Safe after shaving. Safe for clothes. Comforting on sanitary napkins. Also a Spiro Cream Deodorant, if you prefer. Costs little. Try Spiro today.

QUICK FOR CHILDREN'S COLD'S ACHES AND MISERIES
RUB ON PENETRO. LET IT GET IN IT'S GOOD WORK FAST—IT CONTAINS 2 TO 3 TIMES MORE MEDICATION THAN OTHER SALVES SOLD NATIONALLY FOR COLDS' MUSCULAR ACHES AND NASAL MISERIES... BE SURE YOU GET SUPER-MEDICATED... PENETRO

ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD
Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them go smiling thru restless, moody, nervous spells and relieve cramps, headache, backache and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years in helping "women's" functional complaints. *Try it!*
Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in either liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

BLEMISHES EXTERNALLY CAUSED
Cuticura helps clear up externally caused pimples, blackheads, rashes. All druggists. For FREE sample write to Cuticura, Dept. [illegible], Malden, Mass.
CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

Helps You Overcome FALSE TEETH Looseness and Worry
No longer should any wearer of a loose dental plate feel ill at ease because of the embarrassment it causes. FASTEETH [illegible]

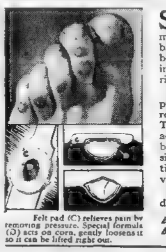
Stop Scratching
RELIEVE ITCH FAST—or money back
D.D.D. Prescription

SEND IN Your Favorite Recipe! It May Earn $5 for You

HERE'S a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit. The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue of The American Weekly.

Turn to that page NOW, then read the simple rules that may lead to the easiest $5 you have ever earned!

THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS
WHAT CAUSES THEM · HOW TO GET RID OF THEM



Felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) acts on corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out.

SCIENCE shows that corns are caused by pressure and friction, which pack a mass of dead cells into a hard plug whose base presses on sensitive nerves. They often become large, painful, and ugly. Home paring only gives temporary relief—means risk of infection.

But now it's easy to remove corns. Just put a Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. The special Blue-Jay medicated formula acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. But that's not all—simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns, you can prevent them from coming back.

Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

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Stocking the Linen Closet for the New Year

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

HOW is your linen closet? Excessive food and stains on the tablecloths, frequent laundering, extra usage by guests—alas, it is no unusual thing to hear many a hostess exclaim, "Gracious, my linens are just falling to pieces!"

It's true that, whereas all year one may notice only a slight rip or small hole here and there in cloth or sheet, there comes a time when suddenly the entire linen closet needs repair or full replenishing.

Fortunately, during the month of January appear those important economical specials popularly known as "white sales," which feature that pleasing shopping month. Sheets and pillowcases, tablecloths and napkins, luncheon cloths and doilies, each and every one interests the housewife and sensibly induces her to start the New Year with her linen shelves well and efficiently filled.

Since we spend one-third of our lives in bed it is certainly only common sense to get your money's worth when buying sheets. The estimate of 6 sheets per bed is commonly accepted as desirable, with a minimum of 4 sheets per bed. If a few sheets are replaced each year, there should never be any too-sudden drain on the budget.

And while we still generally speak of "household linens," the fact is that most sheets are cotton—either cotton muslin or cotton percale. Each has its distinctive points, and the shopper should be able to distinguish values between them.

How Strong is the Sheet?

The chief virtue of a sheet is strength—so it won't rip and split down the middle when least expected. This quality is called "tensile strength" and can be measured scientifically, by the number of pounds of a pull necessary to break a piece of the fabric.

Recent tests of strength on 109 sheets showed a variation of from 27 to 68 pounds in the warp, and from 21 to 80 pounds in the filling. This tensile strength figure should be given on the label and is an indication of the quality and durability of the sheet.

What is the Thread-Count?

The thread-count means the number of threads in a square inch of the fabric. It indicates how firmly the sheet has been woven, and the balance of strength between warp and filling. The most durable sheets have the most evenly-balanced weave.

That sheet which has the same number of threads in both warp and filling is called a square-woven sheet. For example, a "84-square sheet" is a coarse muslin, while a "90- or 144-square sheet" is a percale sheet for which finer yarns are used. Sometimes it is possible to hold a sheet (or other textile) up to a strong light and note how the warp and filling yarns look; but a safer method is to read the label which states the thread-count.

A low thread-count is often behind low price and short wear. For instance, a muslin sheet with a thread-count of 68x72 is a good sheet, but the threads are heavy, somewhat uneven and fuzzy.

Contrasted is a thread-count of 104x104, with an even tension of smooth, fine threads, close together. Naturally this latter sheet will wear better and longer, while at the same time feeling smoother to the touch.

What Is the Weight?

Housewives accustomed to watch the weight when buying meat, may never think to follow the same rule when shopping for sheets. But the weight of the sheet in ounces per square yard is, or should be, stated on the manufacturer's labels.

Sometimes a well-constructed lightweight sheet may prove more durable than a heavy, poorly-constructed one. If the laundry bill is paid by weight (as is commonly done with flatwork) it may be cheaper in the end to purchase lighter-weight sheets and pay less in laundry bills.

Is the Selvage Strong?

The selvage, or edge of a sheet, as well as of other yard goods, is another test of wear. The selvage is often the first part to go, hence it is wise to see that it is at once strong and wide.

An ordinary selvage has the yarns woven through it exactly as in the rest of the sheet; but better is that edge which is a "tape selvage," with extra warp yarns woven under two filling yarns, making its edge 25 per cent stronger. This tape edge can be plainly seen and is noticeable in good dish-toweling, for instance.

How About the Hems?

Sheets should be torn, not cut, from the bolt of cloth if they are to have neat, even hems. Hems should always be stitched with small stitches which completely close the ends. Housewives today prefer both hems to be of the same width, that is, a big hem at each end of the sheet.

This will double their use over the other type, where a hem is one inch at one end and three inches at the other.

How Small is the Sheet?

One of the saddest economies in the shopping world is the small sheet, that is, the too-short sheet and the too-narrow sheet.

If we do a little arithmetic on our average size of mattress, we find that a full-sized mattress is 76 inches long. Allowing for a 5-inch "drop" and "tuck-in" at either end, this means a minimum of 91 inches. When, then, the housewife, from a false sense of economy, buys a sheet only 90 inches long, it is obvious that somebody will spend an uncomfortable night. The next length, 99 inches long, is not much better.

And that is why a full 108-inch sheet is, after all, the best length worth considering for a full-length adult bed.

Only this length is sufficient to prevent the sheet from pulling out at the foot, and allows enough side-fold or "tuck-in" to keep the mattress clean. An ample size, too, prolongs the life of the sheet.

How Long and How Wide?

Most desirable sizes for standard beds are:

Bed	Sheet W.	Sheet L.
Single	63 ins.	108 ins.
Three-quarters.	72 ins.	108 ins.
Double	81 or 90 ins.	108 ins.

Make Up the Guest Bed.

The request to make up the bed, whether of guest or member of the family, often means clean sheets in a hurry. The linen closet is one place where availability and accuracy are highly important.

Where there are two or three sizes of sheets in a family closet (single or double beds and cot sizes), it's most annoying to have to draw out one sheet after another, trying to locate the right size for the right bed.

All this petty annoyance can be avoided if sheets are equipped with index tabs which enable a quick selection of the right size from the right shelf.

Such tabs, made of heavy cotton, give the width of the sheet in inches on one side and the size bed it fits on the other. Each tab has a distinctive color as well, so that it is just as easy and rapid to locate a wanted size as it is to turn to an alphabetical phone list. These tabs are made to be permanently stitched to the bottom hems, so that when the sheet is folded properly, the tab signal is obvious.

To get your money's worth in linens may seem to involve considerable detail and specification. But we do the same thing when we buy any other household product, say meats, where, day-after-day, we insist on the right cut, no waste, less bone, proper size, weight and quality.

The only difference is that, whereas we do it daily with many items, with linens it is usually a once-yearly job, and we are therefore less familiar with making our standards known.

But starting the New Year with a well-stocked linen closet is a happy thing, and to home-lovers it should be worth any amount of trouble and interest to see how one can do this and get one's money's worth.

Hot Seasonings Vary the Flavor

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

FOOD likes and dislikes are as variable as humanity itself. Many people like bland foods with delicate, natural flavors. Others equally discriminating call such natural flavors "mambypamby" and like strong or pronounced flavors or "hot stuff," including barbecues, Mexican and Spanish dishes, the French "pain d'epice," East Indian savories and the incomparable Creole dishes of the United States. We have asked a few of our readers who are especially interested in highly-seasoned dishes to suggest a few of their favorites for us.

Creole Jamballaya.

MIX 1½ cups diced cold chicken, veal or mutton, 1 cup cooked rice and 1½ cups stewed tomatoes and simmer about 10 minutes. Add 1 finely-minced onion, 1 minced green pepper and 1 minced large stalk celery. Turn into a greased baking dish and cover generously with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 1 hour. Serve hot.

Luncheon Barbecued Ham (Charleston).

LIGHTLY brown 6 slices boiled tender ham in a little butter. Mix 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt and black pepper to taste. Pour over the browned ham and cook for a minute or two. Serve immediately.

Barbecued Chicken (Louisiana).

DRESS a 2-pound chicken. Split it down the back, sprinkle with salt, add ½ cup water, ¼ pound butter, 1 cup vinegar and ½ pod hot red pepper. Cook in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until well done, basting frequently with liquid in the pan.

Chicken Creole (Old-Fashioned).

DISJOINT two 3-pound chickens. Season with salt and black pepper. Brown delicately in 2 tablespoons butter or shortening. Add 2 minced onions and brown the onions delicately. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour. When brown, add 6 sliced raw tomatoes, a sprig of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf and 1 small crushed clove of garlic. Smother over a low heat. Add 6 minced sweet green peppers from which seeds have been removed. Cover and smother until peppers are tender. Add 1 pint well-seasoned strained and skimmed chicken broth and simmer very gently until chicken is very tender. Add salt and black pepper to taste.

Old-Time Salad Dressing.

MASH 3 hard-cooked egg yolks. Add a few grains salt and 1 teaspoon mustard and mix well. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar and 3 tablespoons salad oil and beat well. Add 3 finely-chopped hard-cooked egg whites. Season to taste with black pepper.

Turkey with Pepper Sauce (Gonzales Style).

COOK 8 Mulato hot peppers, 8 Ancho hot peppers and 8 Colorado hot peppers, which have been seeded, in a little hot lard until delicately colored. Grind them up with 1 pinch coriander, 50 grams chocolate, 100 grams blanched almonds, 10 grams anise seed, 30 grams sesame seed, 4 cloves garlic, 3 tortillas or 3 large crackers, a few grains pepper, a few cloves and a suggestion of cinnamon and salt to taste. Slice or dice cold left-over turkey and fry delicately in a little butter or shortening. Add seasonings to fried turkey. Cover with well-seasoned turkey stock which has been strained and skimmed. Cook gently for 3 hours, stirring occasionally.

Stunning new "Two-faced" coat—beige Teddy Bear cloth on one side and bright Scotch plaid on the other.

Her "Teddy Bear" coat caught his eye—but her very Lovely Smile captured his Heart!

Your smile is priceless—yours alone! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

THE right kind of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go"!

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is *you*—use it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the exercise they need. He may suggest, as many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

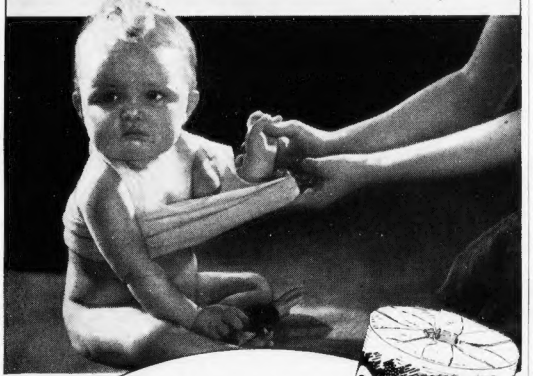
Try Ipana with Massage

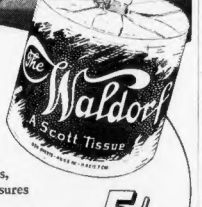
For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums firmer.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as lovely as it can be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MILLIONS OF MOTHERS CHOOSE
Soft-Weve WALDORF FOR
"Gentle Cleansing"





More mothers choose "Soft-Weve" Waldorf today than any other kind of toilet tissue in the world . . .

They choose it because Waldorf is really kind to a child's tender skin. Entirely free from tiny splinters and irritating roughness, Waldorf's absorbent, "Soft-Weve" texture assures the truly *gentle cleansing* mothers demand.

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST! Hold "Soft-Weve" Waldorf to the light—then a piece of the tissue you now use. This test will plainly show you Waldorf's even, cloth-like texture. You can *see* why it cleanses so gently. Get "Soft-Weve" Waldorf tomorrow to guard *your* child's comfort and health.

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5¢ A ROLL

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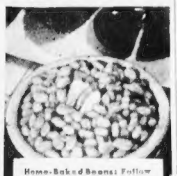
HERE'S THE SECRET THAT GIVES BAKED BEANS MORE FLAVOR!

Enrich them with luscious New Orleans molasses



Home-Baked Beans: Follow your usual recipe, but, instead of sugar, use Brer Rabbit Molasses. To one quart (4 cups) dried beans, use 2 tablespoons to 1 cup molasses, according to taste.

Canned Baked Beans: Add two tablespoons Brer Rabbit Molasses to one can of baked beans before heating.

IF you want to give joy to hungry appetites, serve a bubbling pot of beans, baked with plenty of molasses. Brown bread, too—piping hot.

But be sure the molasses you use is pure New Orleans molasses—the real, old-plantation kind. How to get it? Just ask for Brer Rabbit Molasses, made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane!

FREE! Valuable 52-page cook book

116 recipes. Gift-gingerbreads, cookies, cakes, breads, main dishes, puddings, ice creams, candies. 20 photographs. Washable cover! Mail coupon.

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Please send me FREE copy of Brer Rabbit's brand-new "Modern Recipes for the Modern Hostess."

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Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you must change to new shoes often.

Baby doctors all over America tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers. These CORRECT baby shoes which cost so little.

Infants' Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

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WEE WALKER Shoes — MORAN SHOE CO. CANTON, ILL.

WEE WALKERS for the ones we like

for CHAPPED SKIN

IF your skin is chapped, you will be delighted with the effect of Mentholatum applied to the stinging, red parts. Mentholatum quickly cools and soothes the irritation and assists Nature to more quickly heal the tissues. Mentholatum is a pleasant, effective application for minor skin irritations. Jars or tubes only 25¢.

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Raise MONEY ...Easily

There is no surer, easier or more pleasant way to earn needed funds for churches or clubs than with the aid of our new plan. Whether you've been accepted Gottschalk's Metal Sponge as the foremost general cleaning device. They buy this time and labor saver without hesitation. A sale is made almost every call. In the past 20 years we have assisted thousands of organizations to raise money. We will be delighted to help you. Write for particulars. METAL SPONGE SALES CORPORATION, Philadelphia, Penna., Dept. 203

Gottschalk's METAL SPONGE

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Donna Maria's Fine Recipes Are Her Secrets No Longer

By NINA ROPP,
La Grande, Oregon.

DONNA MARIA, who came up to old Oregon from California, was without doubt one of the best cooks on the West Coast. Her little Kalsomined tea shop, called the "Fortilla," trimmed with bright scarfs and gay pottery, began the day with a song. In the early part of this century, a few of the early Spanish families who had claimed Southern California since 1760, migrated to Southern Oregon bringing their old Spanish ways with them. First it was Donna Maria's chili that gave her the name of a rare cook. The chili that Donna Maria served had a spicy fragrance all its own, no one else could make chili like she could.

When asked for her recipes she would smilingly shake her head and murmur low in her husky voice, "Some day—perhaps."

Imagine my surprise then when Donna Maria closed up her little shop, tied her well-filled money sack and returned to California. No one took her place, for who could make tortillas like our little Spanish lady, or turn out such tamales or fritters?

I sat down and wrote her a nice friendly little letter telling her how we missed her, suggesting that some day she might return. In return I received a letter: "No. I remain here among the pepper trees I've always longed for but for your kind words I'm sending you my recipes. Here they are:"

CHILI CON CARNE

1 can tomatoes
3 cups kidney beans
2 medium sized onions
3 slices bacon
1 pound ground round steak
½ cup ground suet
1 teaspoon chili pepper
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 clove garlic

Cut bacon in small pieces, fry delicate brown. Cut up onion fine, brown with bacon, add ground beef and garlic. Brown beef slightly, add beans and tomatoes, cook slowly on back of stove for an hour.

The vinegar and sugar are the magic touches in this chili.

CHICKEN TAMALES

2 cups corn meal
2 cups tomato
6 cups of broth
meat of ½ chicken
1 onion
salt and pepper

Cut up an old hen and stew until entirely tender so that the meat can be picked from the bone very easily. Pour off liquid broth from the meat. Pour 2 cups of water in double boiler, add 1 tablespoon salt, stir in very slowly 2 cups corn meal. As it begins to thicken add chicken broth until it is thick and golden. Cook slowly either on back of stove or over low heat for 40 minutes. If it seems to be too thick, thin with chicken broth. Line tamale pan tins or individual casseroles with cooked corn meal.

Place a generous layer of chicken cut up, a thin layer of canned tomatoes, several slices of onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 ripe olives, salt and pepper to taste, little of meat broth. Cover with corn meal mush and bake one hour. These may be made in individual dishes or one large casserole. The trick in this is cooking the corn meal in chicken broth.

CANNED CORN

Donna Maria served canned corn in the Winter too that was unusual. It tasted like fresh corn cut from the cob. Also she made fritters from this same corn and believe me they were delicious. This is her recipe for canned corn.

11 cups corn cut from freshly gathered corn
1 cup sugar
½ cup salt

Place in a flat-bottomed granite or aluminum pan. Place on very back of stove or very low heat until a liquid forms. Stir occasionally. Bring to a boil. When boiling hot throughout put into sterilized jars and seal.

When a jar is newly opened pour in pan, cover with fresh water, let stand 15 minutes. Heat, pour off water, add cream and serve.

This is a simple way to preserve corn for Winter use and I can assure you, you will always add corn to your canning list once you have used this.

FRITTERS

Donna Maria's fritters served with maple syrup.

2 cups corn
salt
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup milk
1 cup flour
2 egg whites

Beat egg yolks, add corn, milk, salt, flour and baking powder. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Drop from tea spoon into deep fat and fry brown.

Bread in Colonial Days Often Took More Than Two Days to Make. Home-prepared Yeast Was Made from Malt, Potatoes and Hops. Dough Was Mixed in Troughs and the Loaves Were Baked in Either Indoor or Outdoor Brick Ovens.

SAUERBRATEN

HERE IS A QUICKER WAY TO MAKE IT

"AT THIS time of the year when appetites are hearty and men want substantial dishes for dinner, a wife must think up more hearty foods," writes Mrs. Margaret Wood, Dormont, Pa. "Here is one of my family's pet dishes.

"About two to two and one-half pounds of chuck roast—or round steak in a thick piece. I simmer the entire piece with a little fat in a pan, browning the meat on both sides before adding water. Then I cover the meat with water and allow to cook until meat is tender, adding salt and pepper. After meat is cooked, I remove and cut in about ½-inch slices. While I have the meat out of the kettle, I make the gravy as follows:

"To the stock of the meat I add ½ cup of vinegar and ½ cup catsup, one large onion sliced, about two tablespoons sugar and a bay leaf. Allow this to cook. In an iron skillet I place two tablespoons of shortening and about four tablespoons of flour. I allow the flour and shortening to become a nice light brown then I add cold water, stirring constantly. This makes the thickening for the gravy and incidentally gives it the desired flavor. This is then added to the meat gravy. I then return the meat to the gravy and the sauerbraten is ready. It is well to make the meat in the morning and then allow to stand until dinner-time, only reheating at that time. Standing in the gravy, the meat takes on the flavor of the catsup and vinegar. I then serve this with dumplings—regular dumplings or potato dumplings or spatzele, which are made by taking two cups of flour, add one egg and sufficient cold water to make the dough so that it can cut. Put this into boiling water and allow to cook for about 20 minutes. Serve with melted butter and cracker crumbs browned in the butter.

(Many thanks, Mrs. Wood, for this delicious and economical recipe. It is a very quick type of sauerbraten, too. I asked the fine old housekeeper to try it for us when we tried it out in our Test Kitchen and she said it is just as good as the recipe she has tried that required two or three days soaking in vinegar, etc. Many of our readers will be grateful to you for sharing your pet with us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

CELERY SALAD—THE KIND MEN LIKE

CLEAN and boil until tender 3 medium sized celery roots and 3 medium sized potatoes in jackets until soft, then peel. Add 3 hard boiled eggs, salt to taste. When cold put all this through food chopper, using the medium cutter. Then mix ½ pint cream and ½ cup vinegar. Pour over and mix thoroughly and let this stand to marinate. This will keep for a few days. Decorate with a little paprika or red pepper.

Mrs. Alice Korf,
Shorewood, Wis.

(Most men folks will like this tasty salad recipe very much. Mrs. Korf.—Mary Lee Swann.)

LIMA BEAN SOUP

HOW TO MAKE IT WITH "LECKI"

"HERE is a soup recipe we find very delicious these cold Winter days. I always enjoyed it as long as I can remember, and I hope Almanack readers do too," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Shambelan, Hazleton, Pa.

1 pound large dry limas (soaked overnight)
1 medium onion (chopped)
1 small clove garlic (chopped)
1 tablespoon salt or more to taste
1 teaspoon dill seed or dry dill stem, about 4 inch
⅛ to ¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 to 3 tablespoons white vinegar
3 quarts cold water

"Put beans, water, salt, pepper, onion, garlic and dill in large enough pot. Boil over medium flame until done. Set aside. Now take ¼ cup oil, drippings, or half butter and lard, melt in frying pan and add enough flour to form thick paste, and fry until golden brown; add very slowly to soup and stir well, until lumps all break apart. Set to boil over medium flame and add vinegar to taste and more salt if needed. Cook for 10 or 15 minutes more.

RECIPE FOR "LECKI"

2 cups sifted bread flour
1 tablespoon salt and enough warm water to make as noodle dough
2 eggs, slightly beaten

"Beat eggs, add flour and salt and sufficient warm water to make firm dough, knead well on floured board, and roll very thin, let dry for at least one-half hour. Then flour dough well and cut in long strips as for noodles. Put in layers of three or four and cut as wide noodles, about five pieces at a time, then turn and cut into little squares. Shake apart. Cook in plenty of rapidly boiling water to which has been added a little salt. Cook about three to five minutes or until all little squares remain on top of boiling water. Drain in several cold water rinses.

"Serve as you would noodles and soup individually. But never mix the lecki with the beans and let stand too long because soup gets too thick and the flavor is spoiled thereby."

(This is an excellent soup, Mrs. Shambelan. A few drops of raw vinegar may be added if anyone desires a soup that has more tang.—Mary Lee Swann.)

MILK BREAD

IT HAS AN OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOR

"SCALD four cups whole milk, one cup water, two tablespoons sugar, then cool to lukewarm as quickly as possible," writes Mrs. John Rase, Richfield, Idaho. "While mixture is cooling, mix one and one-half cakes compressed yeast with one tablespoon sugar and one cup water and let work till the first mixture is cool.

"Sift one sifter of flour and two tablespoons of salt into the milk mixture and beat vigorously; then add the yeast mixture and beat once more; now add one more sifter of flour and work in with a large spoon. Sift scant one-half sifter of flour on board and turn the thick mixture onto the flour and knead until all flour is used. Use long drawn-out strokes as you want the dough to become as elastic as possible. (This may not seem like enough flour but I think that's one of the secrets in breadmaking.)

"Now butter the dough and place into a large container and let rise three times its size instead of the two like so many do. When three times its size, work down and let rise three times its original size, then divide into four or five pieces and mould into loaves, butter, put into pans, and let rise twice its size. Place in oven and bake 45 to 50 minutes. Oven should be just hot enough that it won't brown the bread in the first 15 minutes but slowly increase the heat so that it becomes nicely browned in the next 20 minutes.

"I use full half-pint measuring cup and my five-cup sifter and I use all-purpose flour. Don't place dough in too warm a place; just a work bench in a warm kitchen is enough. The first time measure the height of your dough and be sure that it's tripled its bulk before punching down. Also, when the bread is placed into the pans, place a ruler beside it and then do not put into oven until its has doubled its height. You may think this is a slow process bread, but try it once and you'll never regret it. Everyone who eats at our house always remarks on my good bread so I thought I'd pass on my recipe as I've had so much help from your paper."

(Your recipe for Old-fashioned Milk Bread is excellent and a prizewinner, Mrs. Rase.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"DRAGON'S BLOOD" FOR SCRAMBLED EGGS

THIS sparkling sauce is as fiery as its name suggests. Try it and you'll serve it again and again.

1 cup catsup
3 heaping teaspoons horse radish
1 pinch cloves
Sprinkle of salt, pepper, paprika
1 heaping teaspoon chili powder

Heat the combined ingredients to the boiling point. Arrange scrambled eggs on platter and pour this hot sauce over. Serve immediately.

Miss Jane Claflin,
Green Bay, Wis.

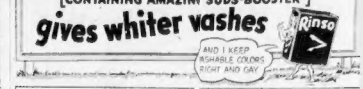
(Miss Claflin, we are awarding you a prize because so many people seem to like such flavors. Scrambled eggs served a la Dragon's Blood certainly would be "different."—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly, Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

New 1940 *top-speed* Rinso
[CONTAINING AMAZING "SUDS-BOOSTER"]
gives whiter washes



AND I KEEP WASHABLE COLORS BRIGHT AND GAY

MY LANDS! WHAT A SLOW POKE YOU'RE STILL SCRUBBING AWAY ... MY CLOTHES WERE ON THE LINE HOURS AGO
WELL, I LIKE A REAL SNOWY WASH!
IS THAT SO! WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING! I USE THE NEW 1940 RINSO. IT JUST BURSTS INTO FASTER-WORKING, RICHER SUDS AND WASHES CLOTHES WHITE AS SNOW

SEE ... MY CLOTHES LOOK SO MUCH WHITER SINCE I BEGAN USING THE NEW "TOP-SPEED" RINSO, AND DID YOU EVER SEE COLOR ANY BRIGHTER?
YOU WIN! I MUST TRY YOUR SPEEDY RINSO WAY

NEXT WASHDAY
THE NEW 1940 RINSO IS A REAL TIME-SAVER! IT GIVES A TUB FUL OF SUDS IN A JIFFY...SUDS THAT LAST AND LAST AND THOSE GRAND LIVELY SUDS SOAK DIRT LOOSE IN AS LITTLE AS 10 MINUTES
YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST AT LEAST TWICE AS LONG NOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY HARD SCRUBBING
I'M THE ONLY SOAP RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF 33 LEADING WASHERS (NOT JUST 1 OR 2 —BUT 33!) I CONTAIN A MARVELOUS NEW "SUDS-BOOSTER." I SPEED UP DISHWASHING AND ALL CLEANING, AND I PREVENT HARD WATER SCUM. I COME IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR—LARGE—GIANT
NEW "TOP-SPEED" RINSO EASY AS EVER ON HANDS
Rinso FOR THE WASHER
WASHING MACHINE

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, in this and other issues, offers the end intimate revelations of the loves, romances and tragedies of real people, in high places and low . . . absorbingly interesting features that are all the more impressive because they are disclosures of real, actual happenings . . . unusual details about incredible facts—all of them authentic!

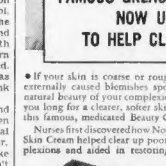
POOR COMPLEXION?

FAMOUS GREASELESS MEDICATED CREAM NOW USED BY MILLIONS TO HELP CLEAR UP COMPLEXIONS

• If your skin is coarse or rough—if externally caused blemishes spoil the natural beauty of your complexion—if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try this famous, medicated Beauty Cream.

Nurses first discovered how Noxzema Skin Cream helped clear up poor complexions and aided in restoring skin to normal, healthy beauty. Today over 15,000,000 jars are used yearly!

How It Works—Noxzema helps soften and smooth rough skin. Its soothing medication relieves irritation—helps more quickly heal externally caused blemishes and chapped, weather-roughened complexions. Apply it as a Night Cream, massaging it into the pores. Use as a Powder Base—for long-lasting, *non* make-up. See if Noxzema can't improve your complexion as it has so many thousands! Get a jar *today*.



25¢ TRIAL JAR
For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ Trial Jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Don't fail to take advantage of this Special Offer—clip this coupon at your reminder to get your Noxzema *today*.
ONLY 19¢

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Almanack Echoes

"Home, Sweet Home" Long Island Recipes

Dear Almanack:

As you were so kindly interested in publishing an article about East Hampton food last Summer (July 2nd, 1939, issue) we thought that you might like to see a copy of the newly published "Home, Sweet Home," cook book. Any comment about it would be deeply appreciated by the 350 members of the Ladies' Village Improvement Society here in East Hampton, N. Y.

Here are some typical recipes from the book, the first by Mrs. Arnold Rattray:

* * *

SAMP

Early Long Island dish: originated by the Indians, and used by our forefathers on Sundays when it was not considered proper to cook. One quart samp (or big hominy), 1 cup white beans, 2 pounds salt pork, mixed fat and lean (sometimes a pig's foot, or a piece of corned beef, was used). Put samp and beans to soak overnight; simmer all day, until beans go to pieces and thicken the porridge. Serve very hot, with a pitcher of cold milk.

* * *

This one, for deviled clams is by Mrs. N. H. Dayton:

DEVILED CLAMS

One dozen fairly large hard shelled clams washed thoroughly. Place in pan in oven until opened; take from shell and chop fine; use about one-third as many bread crumbs as you have clams. 1 teaspoon butter. Add 1 teaspoon mustard (scant), dash of pepper, 1½ teaspoons chopped parsley and equal parts milk and clam broth, usually about one cup. Let stand for bread crumbs to absorb liquid. Wants to be quite moist. Fill the half shells. Sprinkle each with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven and serve in shells.

* * *

And here is an interesting historical recipe for bread pudding by Miss Sarah D. Gardiner:

BREAD PUDDING

This recipe for bread pudding was contained in a letter written by Mrs. J. L. Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, December 11, 1852, to her granddaughter, Miss Sarah G. Thompson. "You inquire about the bread crumb pudding. I have no particular rule about it. Make your custard—4 eggs to a quart of milk. Make it sweet. A coffee cup heaping full of bread crumbs not too fine. Two-thirds of a cup of seeded raisins, half a tea cup of melted butter. Spice to your taste. Put in the crumbs just as it is going in oven. If they stand any time in the custard they will sink to the bottom of dish. Bake about as long as custard or until it rises in the dish. When done cover it thick with powdered sugar. If you find that it is not quite right you can improve it next time. Have your dish large enough so as not to have the butter run over. That enriches the bread crumbs."

Jeannette Rattray,
East Hampton,
Long Island, N.Y.

Eastern Long Island Has Many Recipes as Old as Its Quaint Windmills.

(Judging from the recipes contributed by members to "Home, Sweet Home" Cook Book, Miss Rattray, your 350 associates are excellent cooks. It was very interesting to note that the Ladies' Village Improvement Society of East Hampton, N. Y., published this book for a dual purpose—to preserve the best and most typical Eastern Long Island dishes, and to add to the funds with which the Society carries on its work of caring for village trees and greens, and other worthy projects. We liked particularly the native Long Island recipes and the unusual section of Men's Recipes, with such adventurous sounding dishes as Montauk Starve-to-Death and Lobscouse. The title of the book is also appropriate. It was, of course, suggested by the fact that the old Payne house, built in about 1660 in your charming village, was the boyhood home of John Howard Payne who, in 1823, was inspired by it to write his immortal "be it ever so humble."—The Editor.)

BOHEMIAN HOUSKA, A DUNKING DELIGHT

Dear Almanack:

Have been looking over your page with its recipes for all of the time since you started the Almanack Page. Many of the recipes are really novel. Someone sent in a recipe last Summer for Bohemian pancakes made with yeast. When I lost this recipe before I could try it out I despaired of ever seeing another like it on your page. However, someone sent in a recipe for Grandmother's Pancakes, also made with yeast, and these are both delicious and delightful. I find with this recipe that if I add one-half cup less of milk to it I can make waffles out of it. Of course, I use the old-fashioned gas heated waffle iron that has to be greased, so I don't know how good it would be on an electric waffle iron. Makes delicious waffles. Now I am sending you a recipe given me by my sister-in-law. The name is Bohemian Houska (pronounced Hoska). It is not one of those real sweet breads, but one that everyone who has ever tasted it wants a recipe for. Here's hoping that with the coming of cold weather this recipe may find its welcome when the bread made from it is served with a steaming cup of coffee on a cold day.

1 cake compressed yeast
½ cup granulated sugar
2 cups milk, scalded
8 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon mace
1 cup shortening
3 eggs, well beaten
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup chopped almonds

Make a sponge of the following: Yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ cup milk and 2 tablespoons flour. Beat well and allow to rise until double in bulk. Sift remainder of flour with salt and mace together three times. Add shortening and sugar to milk and allow to melt. Add milk mixture to beaten eggs. Add to yeast sponge. Mix raisins and nut meats to dry flour to prevent them sinking to bottom during baking. Now add first mixture to the flour and beat well. Allow to rise until double in bulk. Divide dough into three even sections. Divide each section into three even strips. Make one braid out of each three strips and place in greased loaf-pans. Allow to double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees) and bake 20 to 25 minutes longer. Makes 3 loaves. Do not use prepared cake flour in this recipe.

Mrs. Stanley Kungle,
Chicago, Ill.

(We liked your Houska recipe very much, Mrs. Kungle, and we are awarding it a prize.—Mary Lee Swann.)

HONEY DEW COOKIES

1 cup of butter (or shortening) or mixed
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1 cup honey
grated rind 1 lemon
½ cup warm water
2 small teaspoons soda
7 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup walnut meats
1 cup chopped raisins

Cream shortening and sugar, add beaten eggs. Then add honey, sift flour, salt, soda and cinnamon. Add water, nutmeats, chopped raisins. Mix all together. Add more flour if needed, roll thick and cut. Bake in a moderate oven.

Mrs. John Kolnoord, Jr.,
Hamilton, Michigan.

(Mrs. Kolnoord, we are delighted with your Honey Dew Cookies. They are delicious to taste and easy to make. We chilled the dough before rolling it out. That always makes it easier to manage the dough. Many of our readers will bless you for sharing this old time favorite with us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Appetizing Menus for the Week *by Mary Lee Swann*

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Whole Oranges, Whole Grain Cereal, Danish Egg Bread, Milk or Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Creamed Salt Pork, Toasted Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Raw Potato Pancakes or Toast, Coffee.	Baked Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Creamed Halibut, Toast, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet with Minced Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream of Potato Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Corn Oysters, Stewed Tomatoes, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Jelly Jumbles, Tea.	Vegetable Nut Loaf, Buttered Broccoli, Creamed Rutabagas, Graham Muffins, Lemon Gelatin with Custard Sauce, Tea.	Philadelphia Pepper-Pot, Green Bouquet Salad with French Dressing, Chocolate Waffles with Whipped Cream, Tea.	Boston Brown Bread, Mustard Pickles, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Fruit Compote, Cookies, Tea.	Curried Rice, Red, White and Green Cabbage Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Canned Fruit, Cookies, Tea.	Left-Over Meat Loaf, Buttered Turnips, Baked Winter Squash, Mixed Green Salad, Cheese Dressing, Sweet Potato or Canned Pumpkin Tarts (Left-Over Pastry), Tea.	Roast Duck with Dressing and Gravy, Gooseberry Sauce, Creamed Rutabagas, Green Peas, Lemon Sherbet or Baked Apple Roll with Hard Sauce, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Stuffed Breast of Veal, Mashed Potatoes, Gravy, Spinach, Spiced Beets, Celery Hearts, Economy Brown Betty.	Savory Veal in Rice Ring (Left-Over Meat), Spaghetti, Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Butterscotch Pie.	Spareribs with Vegetables, Cranberry Tarts.	Cream of Tomato Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Saddle of Mutton, Baked Potatoes, Crisp Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Baked Apple Roll.	Radishes, Tunafish Loaf, Buttered Peas and Carrots, Whipped Potatoes, Pineapple Salad, Mayonnaise, Coffee or Orange Chiffon Pie.	Old-Fashioned Pot Roast with Vegetables, Fromage Rolls, Applesauce, Chocolate Cup Cakes.	Fruit-Nut Salad, Toast, Old-Fashioned Tea Cakes, Cocoa.

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

HERE are a few simple after-the-holidays recipes from our appetizing menus:

Stuffed and Rolled Veal Breast.

FILL the cavity under the thick part of the breast with savory stuffing and roll and skewer into shape. Place the stuffed breast in a roasting pan and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, for 25 or 30 minutes per pound. To make the savory stuffing: Mix 1 cup breadcrumbs, ¼ pound minced salt pork, 1 tablespoon onion juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon minced parsley and 2 tablespoons melted butter or bacon fat.

Pork Spareribs with Vegetables.

LAY 4 pounds spareribs over 10 sliced potatoes, 5 sliced carrots and 2 cups minced celery. Add 1 pint boiling water. Sprinkle the meat with a little sifted flour and season to taste with salt and pepper. Roast in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, about 1¼ hours. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Pot Roast (New England).

WITH a clean damp cloth, wipe a 4-pound lean beef roast. Roll in seasoned flour and brown in a little hot salt pork fat. Place in a casserole dish. Add 1½ cup hot water, cover and bake slowly 4 hours, adding more water as needed. Turn several times during the cooking. Serve on hot platter surrounded by cooked carrots and cooked potatoes. Garnish with crisp parsley or cress.

Saddle of Mutton (Rhode Island).

SPRINKLE a saddle of mutton with salt and pepper. Place on rack in dripping pan and sprinkle meat and bottom of pan with flour. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, 1½ hours, basting frequently with the fat in the pan. Serve with currant jelly sauce made as follows: To 1½ cups well-seasoned brown sauce add ½ cup currant jelly, ½ cup claret wine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 3 drops essence of anchovy. (The rich flavor of mutton, unfortunately, is not as well known to American as to British housewives.)

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

MY MOM PUTS UP SWELL LUNCHES
She keeps them fresh with
CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER
It's Double-Waxed!
CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER
Every inch of Cut-Rite Waxed Paper is waxed not once but twice—and on both sides not just one! Ask for Cut-Rite—AT YOUR GROCER'S!
Ask for CUT-RITE by Name

CUTS, SCRATCHES HEAL QUICKER

When you immediately apply Sayman's Salve. Works fast. Used successfully for years. Praised by thousands from coast to coast. At your dealer's.

FREE Sleuthing Sayman's Salve for Sayman's Wonder Soap Free. Remember Soap free. Remember. Write today. Sayman Salve Chemical Co., Dept. A-37, Lincoln, Neb.

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Choose your most flattering—your lucky nail polish shade—without buying a single bottle of nail polish!

WOULDN'T YOU like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that . . . and do it with amazing speed. For merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7104 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (674)

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QUICK! UNGUENTINE Helps Relieve the Pain

UNGUENTINE doesn't add to the pain of an injury when you apply it—*but actually soothes, helps relieve the pain, instead!*

And Unguentine helps prevent infection—*without staining or discoloring the skin.*

Be Modern! Use Unguentine for cuts and scrapes as well as burns—and to relieve the itching and soreness of skin irritations.

Large Tube, 30c. Economy Jar, $1.

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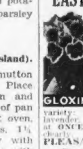
EASTER HOLY SEASON



Very attractive showy plant of exceptional charm for the EASTER SEASON comes in own pot with bulb there. This rare beauty, with orchard-like leaves, will beautify your home. Postpaid for 25c, three for 50c. GUARANTEED TO BLOOM and show large flowers rich in colors of the following variety: White, red blue, purple, lavender. Complete directions. Order at ONCE. Print name and address clearly.

PLEASANT VALLEY FARMS
Dept. 16, Norwalk, Conn.

SEE HOW LIGHT, TENDER AND DELICIOUS Spry MAKES THIS 'LASSES COCOA CAKE SAYS AUNT JENNY

AUNT JENNY'S 'LASSES COCOA CAKE

⅞ cup Spry	2 eggs, unbeaten
1 teaspoon salt	½ cup light molasses
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 teaspoon soda
5 tablespoons cocoa	2 cups sifted flour
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 cup thick sour milk

Blend Spry, salt, vanilla and cocoa. Add brown sugar gradually and cream well. (Done so quickly—Spry mixes like magic!) Add eggs, singly, beating well after each addition. Add molasses and blend.

Sift soda with flour 3 times. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with sour milk, mixing after each addition until smooth. Bake in 10x10x2-inch Spry-greased pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes. Frost with Vanilla Cream Frosting. See what a light, fine-grained cake Spry gives. And it stays so fresh and moist. Use purer Spry for *all* your cakes—pastry and frying, too.

VANILLA CREAM FROSTING

2 tablespoons Spry	3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon butter	5 tablespoons scalded cream (about)
1 teaspoon vanilla	
¼ teaspoon salt	

Blend Spry, butter, vanilla and salt. Beat in ½ cup sugar. Add hot cream, alternately with remaining sugar, beating well after each addition. Add only enough cream to make a nice smooth consistency. Use this delicious, easy-to-make Spry frosting for other cakes, too. *(All measurements in these recipes are level.)*

(Clip and save this Spry recipe)

Only Spry gives ALL these 3 EXTRA ADVANTAGES

Purer . . . stays fresh longer . . . creams so easily

"PURER—yes sir! You can see, smell an' taste that Spry's purer," says Aunt Jenny. "Open a can an' see *how gleamin' white Spry is.* Fry an' notice there's no unpleasant smell or smoke. Taste an' the first bite tells you Spry cakes, pies an' fried foods have extra fine flavor. An' they're so digestible, too. Change to Spry."

PURER ALL-VEGETABLE Spry TRIPLE-CREAMED FOR EASY MIXING

IN 1-LB. AND 3-LB. CANS. ALSO IN THE BIG 6-LB. FAMILY SIZE

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1940 DODGE IS BIGGER!
NEW DODGE IS MORE BEAUTIFUL!
BIG DODGE SAVES ON GAS!
DODGE ENGINEERING IS TOPS!
1940 Dodge 2-door Special Sedan $815, delivered in Detroit.†
ALIVE WITH INNOVATIONS!

And Engineers Say "IT'S THE GREATEST MONEY-SAVING DODGE OF ALL TIME"

4,061 Engineers Bought Dodge in the Last 12 Months!†

If ever a car belied its low price, this 1940 Dodge is it. For Dodge looks and behaves like an expensive car. It's roomy, luxurious, gorgeous to look at, and a dream car to drive and ride in. Yet it sells for just a few dollars more than small cars!

One delighted owner says, "We like Dodge better than the car we were going to pay $400 more for!" And do you know that Dodge is a car that *engineers* buy? All over the country these men who know a great car are showing an amazing preference for Dodge. In fact, 4,061 engineers have bought Dodge in the last 12 months!†

New Full-Floating Ride!

But why not visit your Dodge dealer and inspect this great new car for yourself? It will be a revelation. First of all, experience the new Dodge Full-Floating Ride, a *new kind of ride* at the Dodge low price! Remember, too, this new Dodge is bigger, wider, roomier than any Dodge ever built —gives you more new ideas and refinements than you ever dreamed possible in a car priced so low!

And don't forget Dodge Dependability and quality workmanship. Year after year, they are your guarantee of a skill and engineering genius that are matchless in the industry. They mean greater operating economy, lower upkeep costs, fewer repair bills. No wonder engineers say, "The 1940 Dodge is the greatest money-saving Dodge of all time!"

†October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Just a Few Dollars More Than Small Cars!

COUPES	SEDANS
$755 AND UP	$815 AND UP

***ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED.** These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, safety glass, two tail-lights, fenders and sheet metal painted to match standard body color. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Visit your Dodge dealer for delivered prices in your locality.

NEVER BEFORE a ride like this in a car priced so low —the new *Full-Floating Ride* in the new 1940 Dodge! Center of gravity has been lowered, wheelbase is longer, wheels are moved *backward*, seats *forward*. Now *all* passengers ride in the buoyant "Comfort Zone" *between* the axles! Now a back-seat ride is just as comfortable as a front-seat ride!

OLD WAY (*below*). Now you can say goodbye to the old-style "dog-leg" rear door that made getting in and out of the rear compartment cumbersome and difficult.

NEW WAY (*above*). With the new-type *straight* rear door you *walk* right in and out, easier than ever before! Another of the many innovations this new Dodge offers you!

NEW "AIRFOAM" seat cushions now in all Dodge Deluxe models! Gloriously buoyant, "Airfoam" conforms instantly to every body movement, gives you unsurpassed motoring comfort!

LIVING ROOM comfort the year around, with new Dodge All-Weather Aircontrol System! Fresh air is heated and forced to all parts of car. No more drowsiness on long trips. Defrosts windshield, eliminates window fogging. Available at nominal cost.

"SCOTCH DYNAMITE!" That's what we call the amazing power plant of the 1940 Dodge with its flashing performance and sensational combination of gas and oil-saving advantages that save you money every mile you drive!

1940 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

DODGE ENGINEERING COSTS NOTHING EXTRA

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Homestead Motor Car Company, 1311 Boylston St.
Neptune Motors Inc., 452 Bennington St., East Boston
Andrew Sq. Motors, Inc., 554 Dorchester Avenue, South Boston

NEAR BY
Allston, Scott Bros., Inc.
Arlington, Reed Motor Company
Belmont, Pleasant Street Garage
Brookline, Closson's Garage
Brookline, Cypress Motors, Inc.
Cambridge, Harvard Motor Company
Cambridge, McKinley Motor Co., Inc.
Canton, Wentworth Motor Co., Inc.
Chelsea, Siegel's Auto Sales, Inc.
Dedham, O'Meara Motors
Dorchester, Franklin Field Motors, Inc.
Dorchester, Harold L. O'Neil Co., Inc.
East Milton, Milton Auto Station
Everett, Harvey Motor Sales, Inc.
Hyde Park, Hyde Park Automobile Company
Lexington, W. H. White Motor Co.
Malden, Malden Auto Exchange
Maynard, Great Road Garage
Medford, Booth & Cavanagh, Inc.
Needham, Needham Motors
Norwood, Town Square Motors
Reading, Carleton-Walsh Motors, Inc
Revere, Crescent Motor Sales, Inc.
Roxbury, Westminster Motors, Inc.
Wakefield, Chesen Bros., Inc.
Waltham, Waltham Sales & Service Company
Watertown, Myles Motors, Inc.
West Concord, C. Walter Walls
West Roxbury, Sherry & Mackinnon, Inc.
West Somerville, Knox Bros. Motor Company, Inc.
Winchester, Central Garage
Winthrop, Peterson's Motor Sales
Woburn, Holland Bros.